The Nation.

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The Week.

The real debate over the Statehood bill, in corridors and cloakrooms, having lasted ever since Congress convened, the House devoted a day to open discussion, and on Thursday, passed the bill. It must have been a day of uncommonly cogent argument, for the net result was that four of the Republicans who opposed the special rule on Wednesday voted for the bill the next day, and five others did not vote at all. This, by the way, reduces the gallant band of thick-and-thin "insurgents," who stuck by their colors through both the tariff and Statehood fights, to only sixteen. The fight is now carried to the Senate, where there will be something more than a few hours of cut-and-dried speechmaking. The outcome is as uncertain as it was last year. The general opinion last autumn was that there was a drift of sentiment favorable to the amalgamation of New Mexico and Arizona, but this impression has been somewhat counteracted by the more than ever vigorous opposition developed in the lower house. There are few disinterested advocates of immediate Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico separately, but there are many who favor the postponement of a final decision until it can be seen how far their promise for the future can be actually realized. Whatever the disposition of the Senate, we trust that Oklahoma and Indian Territory may no longer be kept waiting on the determination of an absolutely unrelated question.

Of Secretary Taft's eleven army bills submitted to Congress, two are especially important, that providing for an army reserve of 50,000 men, and the proposal to "eliminate" officers in order to get rid of the deadwood and provide for a regular flow of promotions. The army reserve plan is a modification of one urged by Secretary Root, which Congress wisely refused to consider, and which called for 100,000 men. The marked decrease in this new measure shows that some doubts as to the practicability of the larger body had arisen. Indeed, it may well be asked whether 50,000 is not beyond the range of possibility. Several years ago Congress authorized the establishment of a list of men qualified for service in the Federal Volunteers, to be made up of resigned officers, members of the militia of the several States, etc. The list is still pitifully small. The rates of pay of the enlisted men in this new reserve are to be graded in accordance with their wages while in the regular army, and they must be ready for ten days' drill every year during an enlistment of five years. Now every one knows that the men who leave the army are largely men who wander; many of them are not worth having in a reserve, and one in ten deserts. It will be no easy matter, therefore, in our judgment, to find 50,000 men under forty years of age who are worthy graduates of the regular army and are willing to join this reserve. Moreover, to keep track of men of this kind will be enormously laborious.

Inadvertence seems to be in the Cabinet what aphasia is in insurance circles. Through inadvertence, Secretary Taft candidly admits, he exceeded his power in making a monetary agreement with the Panama bankers. But he explains that the damage was not great, since a contract made in disregard of law could at any time be broken in disregard of equity. "It may not be fair to the other parties, . . . but it can be done," were his words. Reviewing the transaction, the irregularity of which he freely conceded, he put the blame upon Congress for failing to legislate for the canal strip. The argument was, in effect, If you gentlemen turn a ticklish business over to us without instructions, you must take the chances of our mistakes. We have no wish to judge Secretary Taft harshly, though his defence before the Senate Committee on Finance comes curiously from a trained jurist and one often mentioned for the Chief Justiceship. We wish merely to call attention to the happy-go-lucky fashion in which the great canal enterprise is being conducted. It may be no great matter that a Cabinet officer should innocently overstep his powers; it is a grave matter that Congress and the Executive should be perfectly satisfied with a régime in which this sort of straining of constitutional prerogative is regarded as natural, and even necessary.

Another absent-minded official is Senator Lodge. The other day, in sheer gayety of heart, he had spoken of the Dominican protocol as "the beginning of a great policy." This was said "inadvisedly"; he meant the "continuance" of a policy handed down from the fathers. Having cleared away this misapprehension, he proceeded to reveal to the Senate the limitations of its treaty-making powers. Not theirs to interfere in delicate negotiations; not theirs to question the terms of a treaty until it should please the Executive to lay it before them for ratification. Let them keep within their own powers, and trust Mr. Roosevelt's wisdom until the fulness of treaty-making time. So speaks Mr. Lodge, the strict constructionist, forgetful of a certain Lodge who, in *Scribner's Magazine* for January, 1902, proclaimed the "treaty-making power of the Senate," and vindicated its right to be consulted in advance in all important preliminaries to a treaty. Possibly, this article was written "inadvisedly"; we can conceive reasons for the author's being willing to forget it when no paltry reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland is at issue, but the "continuance" of the routine policy of intervention, bequeathed to us by the founders of the republic. Evidently, the treaty-making power of the Senate is delightfully elastic—comprehensive when you wish to burke a treaty unpopular with your constituents, strictly limited when you wish to support a President "going it alone."

Senator Spooner defends with spirit our limited representation at the Algeciras Conference. "In the long, long reach of time," says the Senator in cosmic purview, "are we to confess that we dare not send delegates to international conferences to protect American interests, because we fear they will not know when to withdraw?" In other words, how are our diplomatists to learn how to get out of bad boxes unless first they get in? How may they practise the modest and useful art of self-effacement unless first they have obtruded themselves? Such an argument takes us back to those early Christians who, to demonstrate their faith, voluntarily exposed themselves to the direst temptations. These experiments as often revealed the frailty of the flesh as the might of the spirit. But, on the point of slipping away adroitly, Mr. Spooner emphasizes the President's capacity for seizing psychological moments:

> "The President of the United States, who hit upon the psychological moment to intervene and bring to an end the deplorable war between Russia and Japan, can be trusted to determine the psychological moment when Ambassador White and his colleague, Minister Gummere, must withdraw from the Moroccan conference in order to save this country from all danger of unfortunate European entanglements, should such a moment come to pass."

Now the crudest intelligence of the most craven American can grasp the evident fact that there is no use in perceiving the psychological moment for withdrawal unless you have something to withdraw. Evidently, if you are to recall your delegates at the instant when the peace of the world wavers in the balance, you must first send them. This explains all.

If Congress ever does order the Treas-

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ury Department to put the customs machinery on a business basis and abolish at the same time ports of entry whose expenditures exceed receipts, it will also be destroying one of its annual subjects for discussion. Mr. Brundidge this year has performed the task of procuring the list of such ports for the information of his colleagues. There were fifty-one of them—four more than there were two years ago. There is really a story in every one. Some are seaports of old-time renown, now forgotten and decaying. Some are custom-houses created in preposterous places as the outcome of Congressional log-rolling. Some, like Brazos de Santiago (Brownsville, Tex.), are really only stations for the apprehension of smugglers, and have a value out of all proportion to the revenues they turn in. There are ten ports which, with aggregate expenses during the last fiscal year of $5,160.33, turned in actually not a penny of revenue. While, for the reason already stated, it is not true that every port operated at a loss ought to be closed, and some officer is needed at most of these places, yet this feature of the system of customs collection is a crying absurdity.

Charges of political heresy are said to have been brought against Representative Brownlow, national committeeman from Tennessee; and before the excitement of the Congressional campaign begins, he is likely to receive a formal trial before Chairman Cortelyou. The proceeding itself is unusual, and the line of defence, according to report, is to be more novel still. Mr. Brownlow's free-silver speech in 1896 he justifies by confessing that he merely used the gist of a former speech on the money question by his party's Presidential candidate, McKinley. If anything like a general inquisition is planned, we fear that similar defences would be pretty often heard. What proportion of the Republican laity, even the Republican priesthood, we wonder, subscribes to all the thirty-nine articles of its faith? The poor wretch suspected of Anti-Imperialism, as the thumb-screw is turned, will shriek out the names of the group of regular Republicans, a member of the Ways and Means Committee among them, who voted in the House the other day for a declaration favorable to Philippine independence. The trembling heretic dragged to the stake for his revisionist views is no more guilty than half his brethren, if the truth were but known. And the rack would be broken down before all the dissenters on the canal policy, rate regulation, or ship subsidies were purged of their sins. Neither is it a favorable time for such reformatory action, nor is a Congressman who has "taken more appropriations for his State than any other man" a good choice for the first victim.

The country's great prosperity is eloquently indicated by all the financial weather-signs of the period. Exchanges of bank checks during December in the whole United States, lately compiled and published, afford some astonishing comparisons. They not only run 12 per cent. beyond the previous December maximum of 1904, but are actually double the same month's total as recently as 1898—itself a year of real financial prosperity. Iron consumption, another and even more accurate index of genuine trade activity, similarly surpassed all precedent. December's output exceeded that of the year before by no less than 25 per cent.; that for the whole year 1905 almost exactly doubled the figure of 1898—a rather striking parallel to the testimony of the bank exchanges. Reports of our foreign trade, lately published for December and for last year as a whole, are perhaps less impressive in comparison, but they, too, bear witness to the active industrial movement of the country. December's exports reached unprecedented figures; its imports have been equalled in only five other months of the country's history, and four of those five months fell in 1905. The year itself far surpassed the record both in exported and imported merchandise; its total outward and inward trade ran half a billion dollars beyond 1900, and the fact that the surplus of exports, under such circumstances, was smaller than in that peculiar year is, we should say, a sign of greater economic health. These are the dry statistics of the industrial situation. They are abundantly corroborated by descriptions of the trade situation, coming from every quarter of the country. It is probably true that the United States has at no previous time reached such a level of uniform prosperity.

Notwithstanding Gov. Vardaman's efforts to put an end to mob law in Mississippi, there was an increase in the number of lynchings in that State during 1905—twenty, as against eighteen in 1904. All the victims were negroes, but only two were guilty of the "usual crime." One was murdered by a mob for writing an insulting letter, and another for uttering a threat, while four were murderers and four had attempted to kill. Three had attacked or fired on officers of the law. Sixteen were hanged and four were shot to death; six after being taken from official custody. In one case of rape the mob was composed entirely of colored men, the victim also being colored. Encouraging features of this bad year for law and order were Gov. Vardaman's dispatch of special trains and prompt ordering out of the militia to save prisoners, with the first recorded conviction of a white man, Robert Young, for killing a negro criminal. Young was given a life sentence after conviction by a white jury for having shot a manacled negro when he was on a train bound for the penitentiary. In all probability, Young will be pardoned ere long, but the conviction will none the less have a salutary effect. Moreover, four "prominent citizens" of Hattiesburg have been indicted for participating in a lynching; but the men accused of killing Sheriff Poag of Tate County because he defended a white prisoner, were acquitted after a long and heated trial.

The existing election law in this State does not seem to have a solitary friend willing to speak a good word for it, but its hostile critics are increasing in numbers. The presentment of the Special Grand Jury which has been investigating election cases, reviews the abuses which have been known to exist for many years, but which came into especial prominence at the last election. Not only were the rights of watchers disregarded, but "many disputes arose at the polls by reason of different views as to the proper method of counting disputed ballots." What else could any one expect from a law which provides an indefinite number of alternative methods for doing the same thing, and expresses its intent so dubiously that the Supreme Court itself does not pretend to understand all its provisions? There are really two separate questions involved here. The rights of watchers and the proper registering of their protests can be secured only by having election officers who better understand their rights and duties. But so long as the present rules of marking and counting exist, it is ridiculous to talk about the elimination of wrangling and bad feeling over the polling-place returns. The Grand Jury, like the State Superintendent of Elections, puts in a word for the use of voting machines. These, of course, do eliminate all disputed counts and minimize the harm that a bad election board can do. Yet we are strongly of the opinion that the adoption of a new form of ballot resembling either that of Massachusetts or Montana should precede the purchase of the machines.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has not, under its present management, the slightest claim upon public confidence. The proceedings at Thursday's annual meeting show clearly enough why President John P. Haines has so steadily refused to render a detailed accounting of the moneys which he has received and expended. If there has been no actual stealing—and there are a number of suspicious items to be explained—at least the bookkeeping has been incredibly slack and inaccurate. What the eminently respectable gentlemen of the board of managers

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have been doing in recent years is a question which should be pressed home, not only by every subscriber to the funds, but by every taxpayer who is interested in seeing that dog-license fees are properly disbursed. The inefficiency of Mr. Haines's administration has been notorious; and yet some of the best-known men in this community have consented to play the rôle of dummy directors, and by their acquiescence in abuses try to delude people into the belief that all is well with the Society. What is needed now is a clean sweep, both of those who have been directly guilty of maladministration and of the managers who have been recreant to their trusts and have supinely assented to wrong-doing.

Now that the Funeral Drivers' Union has been organized here, and the closed shop agreed upon, deaths and burials will no doubt be put on a far more businesslike basis. It has long been a cause of complaint that thoughtless people choose exceedingly inconvenient hours and places for departing this life. Hereafter, persons wishing to die will be notified to do so between 8 A. M. and 5 P. M., with an hour off at noon for dinner. Deaths occurring after hours or on Sundays or holidays will be charged for at the rate of time and half-time. No person will be accepted for burial unless he has a union card in his pocket. Walking delegates will supplant clergymen at the services. Contracts may be entered into with the New York Central and Interborough Railway Companies to arrange all accidents according to a systematic plan, say, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, thus not interfering with the Saturday half-holiday. Visitors to cemeteries in the Bronx will be required to go by the Union Railway, in which case they will probably be old enough when they get there to know better than to come back. In that way they will spare the funeral drivers needless work. Finally, the old-fashioned "At Rest" on tombstones will be discarded in favor of a neat union label.

In offering the Curatorship of Paintings to Mr. Roger Fry, the Metropolitan Museum takes a step that promises the best things for the impending reconstruction of the staff. Mr. Fry is a young English painter who has made for himself an excellent position as an historian and critic of art. He thus combines a practical knowledge of the materials of painting with a wide experience of all the European schools. His personal preference is for the Italian primitives, and this is fortunate, since the Museum, now lamentably deficient in that field, may count upon an intelligent and systematic building-up in this neglected branch. In all his critical work Mr. Fry has given evidence of a judgment not only keen, but also controlled by good sense. His work has been free from the aberrations so common among connoisseurs. Among our artists and amateurs he is no stranger, and both personally and officially he may be sure of his welcome. His appointment will mean, we are confident, that the curators are to be responsible for the upbuilding of their own departments and are to have the spending of their own funds. On no other principle can a museum grow satisfactorily. And if an officer is not competent to judge the needs of his own department and make his requisitions on the treasury judiciously, the remedy is not to tie his hands or subject him to delays in consultation, but to replace him with one who has the obvious qualifications for a curatorship. Mr. Fry's coming, then, will be a welcome indication that the complicated and unbusinesslike system which has trammelled the Museum from its foundation to the present day, is about to yield to what we may call the "cabinet idea," by which the heads of departments shall have ministerial independence and responsibility.

Another art museum is in luck; the Field Columbian Museum at Chicago will receive a bequest of $8,000,000 from the estate of the late Marshall Field. It is the largest gift ever made for such a purpose. To transpose this sum of money into terms of art is difficult, yet comparisons may aid. Even with a liberal deduction of income for administrative purposes, the Chicago museum will have a larger purchasing fund than any European museum. With our own Metropolitan Museum and that of Worcester, the Columbian is in a position to compete in the art markets of the world. In this power there is some compensation for being late in the field. Yet it brings some corresponding dangers. Already the Metropolitan Museum is beset by the most absurd and extravagant proposals. Similarly, Chicago will now become a shining mark for the rampant enthusiast and the guileful art broker. The danger is of letting the new-gotten riches burn in the corporate pocket. The museum that marks every day with a white stone will soon accumulate a most undesirable deposit of minerals. Such cautions are not amiss when this country steps, in a year or two, from the last to the first position as public buyer in the art market. It is only fitting that the funds gathered through the most enlightened business methods, by such benefactors as the late Jacob S. Rogers, Stephen Salisbury, and Marshall Field, should be expended with similar care and judgment.

The British election returns, now practically complete, only confirm the extent of the Unionist defeat. With nine constituencies yet to be polled, the maximum Ministerial majority, reckoning in Nationalists and Laborites, has reached 353, while the actual Liberal majority is 95. For the moment there has been returned only a handful of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet to constitute the Front Bench Opposition; and though this ragged firing line will undoubtedly be recruited by the withdrawal of Unionist members to make place for ex-ministers in safe constituencies, it is clear that Mr. Balfour's reported plan of heckling "C-B," will be pursued under considerable difficulty. The Independent Labor party has returned 45 members. This group, in conjunction with the 84 Irish Nationalists and the Unionists, might make trouble in case of dissension on the Government side, but it is hard to imagine circumstances that could lead to so unnatural an anti-Liberal alliance. The party that has converted the Conservative majority of 134, in 1895, to a Liberal one of 95 to-day, need hardly fear any sudden reversal of the verdict of the country. Unionist editors will take what comfort they may from the fact that the majority of votes cast is relatively small in favor of the Government. This is due partly to the plural vote. As members of a university convocation, as possessors of offices in the City, or of residences in both London and the country, many Englishmen vote in two or more constituencies. And, curiously enough, it is precisely in Lombard Street, among the aristocracy and among the *intellectuels* of the universities, that Chamberlain has exercised the greatest glamour.

To have provided kings for two new thrones, those of Greece and Norway, and queens for Great Britain and Russia, is something of a title to remembrance, and the late Christian IX. of Denmark will possibly be remembered chiefly from the honors that fell so readily to his children and children's children. The eagerness with which greater monarchs sought alliances with the house of Oldenburg, and European chancelleries welcomed its scions as candidates for debatable thrones, testifies not only to the strict neutrality of Denmark, but also to general confidence in the royal stock. Its daughters have been judged worthy to bear kings, and its sons to rule justly. Few monarchs have been more sorely tried than King Christian. Early in his reign the Danish Duchies were torn from his kingdom by Germany, and England permitted the spoliation with a supineness that aroused Mr. Robert Cecil, later Lord Salisbury, to his highest flights of satire. The last years of King Christian were saddened by the growth of a radicalism which, while disapproving, he accepted with all loyalty and equanimity.

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"SOCIETY" JOURNALISM.

The acquittal of Norman Hapgood on the charge of criminal libel is a great victory for decency. The editor and the proprietors of *Collier's Weekly* were actuated by a high sense of duty when they told the unvarnished truth about Justice Joseph M. Deuel's connection with Col. William d'Alton Mann and his nasty sheet, *Town Topics*. Fortunately, *Collier's* is prosperous as well as courageous, and, when called upon to defend itself, was able to wage the contest to the bitter end. It secured skilled counsel, and in the collection of evidence it spared neither energy nor expense. The result was a sickening revelation of the weakness and vanity of men prominent in the financial and the fashionable life of this community. *Town Topics* was exposed as a parasite upon the social body. Its editor, a bankrupt in fortune and in character, was filling his pockets by bullying the rich who might be liable to attack in his columns, by selling them stock at preposterous prices, by borrowing from them on worthless security, or by whining at their doors. A more repulsive picture of journalism of the gutter has never been drawn. All these facts *Collier's* fearlessly laid bare. The medicine, though bitter, has been wholesome. If New York society and the country in general profit by it, the credit will be due to *Collier's*, which fought the good fight.

And how about the complainant in this action? *Collier's* declared that it was disgraceful for a judge to be connected with "a paper of which the occupation is printing scandals about people who are not cowardly enough to pay for silence." Justice Deuel appealed to the courts for redress. It took the jury seven minutes to decide that *Collier's* was right, and that, as a matter of fact, Deuel's conduct was disgraceful. He has violated the provision of the charter which forbids him to accept employment outside his regular duties. This employment, had it even been legal, would have been impossible for any man who was not lost to all sense of propriety or honor. Deuel is no callow youth, upon whose ignorance or inexperience Mann has imposed. His hairs are white with age. He could be under no illusion as to the nature of the enterprise in which he embarked. When he went to the office of *Town Topics*, week after week, to read the proofs and advise the writers how to avoid libel suits, he was aware that he was engaged in the dirtiest business in town. He waded into the slime with his eyes open. His pretences of virtuous indignation against the follies and sensualities of the "smart set" are transparent hypocrisy. But enough of this wretch—for, as Mr. Jerome observed, he emerges from the trial shattered in reputation.

Back of these two sinister figures, Mann and Deuel, stand the people upon whom they preyed. Our polite and refined society must share the shame of its scavengers. *Town Topics* would have died of inanition long ago had it not been for the criminal rich and the silly rich. The first class, swollen with ill-gotten gains, men whose business is gambling and swindling, and whose pastime is vice, have furnished abundant material for salacious paragraphs; and, when attacked beyond endurance, have paid handsomely for being let alone. Their troubles, however, are primarily due to their own guilt. The silly rich are the ones whose plight is pitiful. They are often innocent, well-meaning folk. With a guilelessness that approaches imbecility, they suppose that they gain distinction when their names are printed in the society columns of *Town Topics* and other newspapers, and when they are asked to subscribe to the ridiculous 'Fads and Fancies of the Four Hundred.' A three-year-old girl artlessly displaying a new ribbon is a model of dignity and reserve compared with the grown women who give descriptions of their gowns to society reporters, and who thrill with pride when the lists of their guests are thrust before the public. It is upon the bad taste, the ignorance, and the vanity of this tribe of the witless that Mann and Deuel have battened. By flattering, cajoling, and threatening those who have everything but sound judgment, they have made *Town Topics* and its allied ventures a gold mine. It was like stealing candy from a baby. If our silly rich are incapable of taking to heart the lesson of these disclosures, they would remain unmoved by the thunders of Sinai.

It must be a disagreeable revelation to some of our contemporaries that maintain a "society column," to find themselves in the Mann galley. Several of their "society editors," it appears, have been purveyors of tattle and scandal to the general sewer for that sort of thing now laid open. The result ought to be, we think, to raise sharply the question how we are going to distinguish between the reputable and disreputable in that kind of journalism. "I hear," said Matthew Arnold with one of his sweetest smiles, speaking to a youth who had got an article into an English "society journal"—"I hear that you have become one of ——'s hired Stabbers." Col. Mann's list of contributors, as disclosed on the trial, was plainly not composed entirely of stabbers. Literary folk have often an innocence equalled only by their need of money, and we have no doubt that many a book-review or general article has been written for *Town Topics* with honest intent by honest writers—though their cheeks must now be tingling as they think with what a crew they were associating. But we fear the same cannot be said of the thoroughly sophisticated "society editors" who were in Col. Mann's employ. It may be set down for certain that they were not hired for their *beaux yeux*. Indeed, the evidence was clear that, in one case at least, a society editor was paid to fetch and carry servants' gossip.

This certainly casts a comic, or ghastly, light upon the reports of doings in elegant and exclusive society printed in many reputable newspapers. How much of this class of news is handed out at the area-door like cold victuals? How many enterprising society editors get admission into the houses of the great, as the Newport correspondent did, disguised as a musician? If it is the servants' hall, and not the drawing-room, whence comes the tittle-tattle over which so many of the people whom Thackeray called the "would-be genteel, the silver-fork worshippers," pore in the rapt conviction that they are thereby brought into touch with the richest and therefore the most enviable of mortals, the fact ought to be known.

But the entire blame for these absurdities cannot be loaded upon the shoulders of silly or venal writers for the press. They could set up the defence which is offered, for what it is worth, in the case of other kinds of journalism. They could say that they are giving "society" what "society" demands—or, at least, likes. If the coarse smutch of social notoriety were offensive to the majority of those upon whom it is laid by much of the current newspaper "Gossip of the Clubs" and "Notes of Society," the thing would be stopped. We have seen how a few gentlemen drew the line at blackmail; if all the ornaments of society found the glaring publicity given to their parties and their gowns equally distasteful, they would soon cease to be victims. But every newspaper knows that many not only like it, but foster it—even clamor for it. Personal missives detailing the glories of the writer's (or the writer's wife's) raiment, communications from regular advertising agencies giving all the particulars about a "quiet little musicale" or an account of a "very exclusive reception about which society is agog," are far too frequently thrown upon an editor's desk for him to imagine that a shrinking sensitiveness is our chief social ailment.

Let us, then, not be too mirthful over the fine ladies and gentlemen who now have the mortification of seeing their laughable social plans and aspirations and their ridiculous social hangers-on exposed to the public gaze; let us, rather, ask if the whole thing does not betray a false standard, for setting up which each of us is in his way partly responsible. Are we all, in practice, believers in the truth that the highest society is the most intellectually and morally refined society? Do we all hate and shun the little tricks of *réclame*? Is it

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a real annoyance to us to be among the mentioned or the photographed on occasions which set the crowd agape? Do we think more of the conversation at a dinner than the wealth and dress of the company or the excellence of the food? Would we give more to keep out of the Court Circular than to get into it?

In the lifting the roof off *Town Topics* we have had given us a picture of "society" as illuminating in its way as the picture of high finance which Mr. Hughes had previously drawn for our instruction and reproof. But in one case as in the other the true moral strikes far and wide, and hits spectators and censors as well as the immediate and exemplary sufferers. And as the insurance disclosures will fail of their due effect unless they make us all more scrupulously honest and delicately honorable, so the bringing of this huge basket of social scandal to the public laundry will avail us little unless out of the disgust spring a new simplicity and sincerity, with fresh resolves to make of social intercourse, not a milliner's show or a crackling of thorns under a pot, but a means of furthering whatsoever things are true, lovely, and of good report.

"THE WASTEFUL WEST."

The conviction on Friday of the Rev. George G. Ware, an Episcopal rector of the frontier and the manager of a Nebraska cattle company, for conspiracy to defraud the Government by means of false homestead entries, marks a further victory in Secretary Hitchcock's war on the land thieves and wasters. It is a significant comment upon the spirit of the heedless West, confirming what Mr. Emerson Hough, in writing of the pine-lands adventurer recently, says of the careless waste of the people. Scarcely more than half of the available good timber in the country has been used—mere waste has accounted for the rest. Though, as Mr. Hough says, "if we had our forests back, we could afford to wage two civil wars and not be in debt for either," and could wage one on the value of the burned and rotted timber, forest waste is only one item in the big bill to be charged against the reckless West. Against the cattlemen, who have enclosed areas equal to principalities and reserved for the use of their scattered herds States capable of supporting New England's population, the charge of prodigal extravagance holds equally; it holds to a less degree against the miners; and the very farmers themselves—our models of frugality and productive economy—have tilled their fields apparently with the idea that when the land was exhausted by their unvarying crop routine, they could move across the road to fresh soil.

It is only when this big "God A'mighty's estate" has shrunk to a small fraction of its original value that any one in authority has stopped to consider the waste. Because the good timber has absolutely passed out of the possession of the public, the West is beginning to listen to the new talk about forest conservation and the replanting of denuded areas. But in the cattle country to-day they speak of Secretary Hitchcock's honest efforts to protect the settler against the big pasture pirates as the fancies of a man suddenly gone insane. To the cattle owner it does not appear to be waste to bribe soldiers' widows and orphans to "enter" forty sections of public land to be turned over to him, and then coolly to fence forty more sections of the domain supposed to belong to the public. He says, and believes, that every head of stock he owns must have twenty-five acres of range. Millions of acres of land classed as "worthless, except for grazing," is in the possession of the herd owners, and only a few settlers who are in search of good land know that the classification is a farce. Mr. W. R. Lighton, in the Boston *Transcript*, cites a case in illustration:

> "One year ago a ranchman in the neighborhood of Lusk, Wyoming (twenty-five miles west of the Nebraska line), bought a tract of 320 acres which had been in use at cattle range for many years. The price paid was $1,000. By way of experiment this tract was enclosed by fences to exclude grazing animals, and the wild bunch-grass was permitted to grow undisturbed. With absolutely no other attention, three hundred tons of hay were cut last summer, . . . which was sold in the stack on the ground for seven dollars a ton."

This particular tract of grass land was not exceptional; it was "high-divide" land, like millions of acres of the kind upon which the twenty-five-acres-to-a-cow rule holds. It is in the same region, on the North Platte, in western Nebraska and eastern Wyoming, that $3,300,000 has been allotted by the Government to a project to reclaim 100,000 acres of "desert" land by irrigation. No wonder President Roosevelt's irrigation policy has proved so popular in the West! The man who could divert the bothersome settler from the grazing lands to the absolutely arid regions by turning water into the sage brush and making the settler pay for it, deserves a monument, and the cattlemen would undoubtedly subscribe to build one. But for Secretary Hitchcock no cow-country memorial will be raised; no "timber Senator" will ever sing his praises, and only the Federal grand juries that return indictments agaist the mineral land thieves, the "timber-land miners," will breathe his name with respect. His one idea seems to be to get the man—cowman, sawmill owner, or miner—off the land he does not own and which is owned by, and held in trust for, the landless. Consider the contrast: The reclamation service has spent, or is to spend, $28,000,000 to reclaim a million acres of desert for which settlers will pay $28 an acre; the Interior Department in the past year has found more than 500 indictments in nineteen States against land thieves, and this "is but the result of preliminary skirmishing." Under one law, the Kincaid act, some 2,000,000 acres of land in Nebraska have been fraudulently obtained by the cowmen.

This Kincaid act is an illustration of the general official laxity in regard to the public land. It was a bit of special legislation providing for the creation of "grazing homesteads" of 640 acres in western Nebraska—the ordinary homestead, of course, being 160 acres. Now here was an inexcusable legalization of waste, tried as an "experiment" with the support of the President, who in his message to Congress referred to "the proposed extension of it to other States." Instead of a prompt pulling up on the part of Congress, we have Mr. Lighton's assurance that "already Congressmen Martin of South Dakota and Brooks of Colorado are fashioning bills upon the Kincaid model; Mondell of Wyoming is to follow suit in the interests of his eager constituents; Montana is also in this waiting line, and there are indications that a half-dozen other States are to help in the formation of a flying-wedge which will carry the deal through."

The attitude of the West toward the wasters of the public domain is like the attitude of Wall Street toward the insurance grafters. It is an "open game," with equal chances for all. As Fred Dumont Smith, a Kansas State Senator and a valiant fighter of the Standard Oil monopoly, who was indicted recently in connection with land frauds in his State, says of the new activity of the Interior Department, "the United States is in mighty small business" when it prosecutes those sturdy pioneers who are making Government land fertile with windmills. The only trouble with Senator Smith's argument is that these "best citizens" and "sturdy settlers" of western Kansas are, as a rule, wealthy residents of cities far from their humble ranch firesides. The history of the pillagers of our forests is being repeated in the public-land States. As it was thought impossible to exhaust our magnificent pine lands, so it is taken for granted in the West that "God's out o' doors" will last indefinitely.

THE "BENNINGTON" COURTS-MARTIAL.

The acquittal of Ensign Wade, the engineer officer of the ill-fated *Bennington*, with the all but similar decision in the case of her commander, Lucien Young, by the court-martial which tried them, is very unfortunate. The court of inquiry was so certain that Ensign Wade was responsible for the accident that it recommended the court-martial. Secre-

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tary Bonaparte differed from it to the extent of insisting that Commander Young also be tried. Now, the question is whether any one is to be held responsible. Is this disgraceful affair to be dismissed as a visitation of Providence? Commander Young was reprimanded merely for failure to attach his signature to the "smooth steam log" of the *Bennington* during the seven months of 1904 and 1905 antedating the disaster. On every other specification of the charges against him he was acquitted.

Obviously, no sane person can attribute to this technical carelessness of the commander the disaster to his ship. The Judge-Advocate-General and the Secretary of the Navy alike disapproved of the court's decision as to both Young and Wade, and returned the findings in the latter's trial for a revision, which resulted only in the court's adherence to its original decision. Since no officer is to be punished for what could only have been due to gross negligence or inefficiency, the public has the right to ask several pertinent questions. For instance, is it not fair to conclude that this representative court-martial, in acquitting these officers, meant to throw the responsibility on the present naval engineering system? And what assurance is the Navy Department now prepared to give that there will not be a similar disaster any day? When the accident occurred, Secretary Bonaparte earnestly besought press and public to withhold criticism or condemnation until the facts could be ascertained. His request was granted. It is now time, in view of the failure of his judicial machinery to exercise a deterrent influence by such severe punishments as would have been inevitable in the British navy, for the Department itself to place the blame and to let the public know whether men or system were at fault. Was the Bureau of Steam Engineering lax, or does the final responsibility rest on the Bureau officer who put Wade in sole charge of the engines?

It is the system which is now on trial, that arrangement of 1899 by which line and engineer officers became one, and are now supposed to be ready to serve on the deck or in the engine room, as they may happen to be assigned. Under it the conditions in the navy have gone steadily from bad to worse. Secretary Bonaparte himself has published his uneasiness over it. Rear-Admiral Melville, our best naval engineer, has repeatedly come out against it. Even the present engineer-in-chief, Rear-Admiral Rae, in his last annual report, called for additional engineering specialists—82 in number—and admitted the present dangerous conditions by saying that "such a plan, if systematically carried out, would soon furnish the service with a body of competent engineers, and would place engineering where it properly belongs, in the line of the navy." But just why 82 engineering specialists, most of them doing permanent shore service and never going to sea, should be considered as part of the line, except by courtesy, may well be asked. Plainly, this plan is nothing but a compromise; an endeavor to have a separate body devoting all its time to engineering, and yet indistinguishable from line officers by rank, dress, or title.

Still another defence of the amalgamation is that by Lieut.-Commander Chandler in the current *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*. He is certain that the *Bennington* disaster and the consequent attacks upon present conditions should not alter the law of 1899. Like Rear-Admiral Rae, he admits that so young and inexperienced an officer as Ensign Wade should never have been given full charge of the *Bennington's* engines. Such defects as have arisen in the working of the law, he attributes to the "enormous deficiency in the total number of officers, and the comparatively little time and attention given to steam engineering in comparison with other branches of education." Young officers, he finds, have not been encouraged to give special attention to engineering, and those who have taken it up have done so without any particular assistance from the Navy Department. The fact that a few line officers have by their own personal exertions perfected themselves in engineering is to him proof positive that amalgamation can be made all that was expected of it, provided only that the law be lived up to. Yet even he admits the necessity of some change in the original plan in order to provide the navy with designers of engines as well as operating engineers.

Rear-Admiral Luce has put the question now before the public in the smallest compass in the current *North American Review*. It is "whether or not a man can master two professions." Can he be at once a competent steam-engineer and also a naval officer, whose duties may require him to be a torpedo and gunnery expert, a navigator, an infantry drill-master, an astronomer, and a master of international law? To Rear-Admiral Luce the task seems impossible; and so he heads his article "a plea for an engineer corps in the navy," coming out flatfooted for a return to the old state of affairs—with the one exception, that, in order not to bring about the old-time rivalry between line and staff, he would not have the engineers educated partly for the line at Annapolis, but wholly for the engine-room at some centre, like New York or Philadelphia, where engineering work in modern machine shops could go hand in hand with theoretical studies. In other words, he would give the engineer officers a more thorough training than that of the old days.

To some such plan as this we are convinced that the *Bennington* disaster should lead. We are of the same opinion as in 1899 that the amalgamation law aims at the practically impossible. In view of the reflection upon the Department in the outcome of the *Bennington* court-martial, some decision as to a change should be reached at the earliest possible moment. Either Rear-Admiral Rae's plan must be attempted, or Rear-Admiral Luce's. The former will inevitably lead to the latter, in our opinion. But what the public wants now, and has the right to demand, is the prompt assurance that no such inexperienced officer as Ensign Wade shall ever again be put in charge of engines, no matter how short-handed the Department may be, and that this whole engineering question shall at once be threshed out by a joint board of naval experts and civilians, in order that proper legislation may be prepared without any delay. The frank admission on all sides that the engineering service is in chaos, with the failure of the Mare Island court to punish, should lead to immediate action.

JOSEPH WHEELER.

The death of Gen. Wheeler emphasizes afresh the end of an era. There survives not a single one of the great military commanders of the Confederacy. Mosby, the scout and guerrilla, now residing in California, is perhaps the last of the Southern military leaders whose doings at one time were in every mouth. But of the Confederates of high soldierly renown won by the hardest kind of fighting in battle after battle not one still lives, unless we except Simon Bolivar Buckner or A. P. Stewart. The Northerners who commanded corps or independent forces and remain to tell of their exploits may almost be counted on a man's fingers: Schofield, Schurz, Howard, Dodge, Sickles, Grierson, Merritt, T. J. Wood, Wilson—the list is pitifully short, particularly when one considers that three-quarters of a million of the rank and file are still on our pension rolls.

A great cavalry leader Joseph Wheeler undoubtedly was before he was twenty-seven years of age. Robert E. Lee ranked him next to J. E. B. Stuart, who is admitted to have been the greatest cavalry genius produced on either side during the civil war. The Confederacy never had any prejudice against young men or West Point graduates. It did not allow them to be shoved aside by political generals as so often happened in the North. Hence, men like Wheeler, Stuart, Beauregard, the Lees, Johnston, Longstreet, and a number of former officers of the "old army" came to the front early in the South and continued as the stars of the service until the end. In the North, on the other hand, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, and Thomas were long in obtaining high commands.

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In the cavalry particularly, the South had the advantage, especially as there were so many more practised horsemen to draw upon than in the North. Besides natural-born cavalry leaders like Stuart, Wheeler, and Fitzhugh Lee, it had Forrest, Mosby, and Morgan for scouting and guerrilla work, and for a time these men had things a good deal their own way. Gradually, however, the North found men to combat them at their own game. Sheridan, Merritt, Custer, Pleasonton, Grierson, Averell, Wilson, Kilpatrick—to mention a few—appeared upon the scene, and were capable not only of being the eyes of the army and protecting its flanks, but of conducting long raids into the enemy's country, destroying communications, and harassing an army by persistent sticking to its flanks.

This latter was a habit of Gen. Wheeler's in which he excelled. When Sherman marched to the sea, Wheeler was ever in touch with him, refusing to be driven off and clinging like a leech. Later on, when Sherman marched northward from Savannah, Wheeler again went after him, sticking to him no matter how worn his horses or tired out his men. That northward march of Sherman's is rightly celebrated because of the extraordinary physical difficulties encountered, owing to bad roads and worse weather. But what he did, Wheeler did too. Those same optimistic qualities which distinguished the little general at Santiago and made him confident that that city would soon be taken, even when he was down with fever and Gen. Shafter wanted to retreat, were then manifest, together with determination and aggressiveness. He and his associates and Northern rivals practically revolutionized the handling of cavalry, and made of it an extremely mobile mounted infantry, fighting with equal efficiency on horseback or on foot, as quick to throw up entrenchments as infantry, and able to endure extraordinary hardships and cover great stretches of territory with surprising speed. Europe was slow to learn the lesson of this, and has not yet wholly acquired it. To the British, however, the Boers brought it home, and, as Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton has recently said, Europe must speedily digest this and other teachings of our civil war if it would make progress in a military way.

While history will thus always have a very high place for Gen. Wheeler, it will also dwell much on the sentimental aspect of his career, which arises from his resumption in 1898 of the blue uniform which he, a rebel, had laid aside thirty-seven years before. It is not necessary to speak of this action of his and of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee as typifying the final reunion of the North and South to lend it its proper importance. In some aspects, the North and South are to-day as far apart as in 1861, and must continue to be, so long as there are radical differences between them over fundamental questions like that of the suffrage. Moreover, nobody had for years doubted that, in the event of a foreign war, the South would fight with all its old-time bravery and dash. Certainly no American citizen looked for anything else in 1898.

Nevertheless, the return to the United States Army of Fitzhugh Lee and Joseph Wheeler was both picturesque, striking, and (waiving the morality of the war itself) praiseworthy. History contains few parallels. That men branded in 1861 as traitors and rebels, as deserters from an army in its hour of need, from a Government which had educated and supported them, could within their life-time be given high rank and important commands in that same army, would have seemed impossible as late as 1880. It was the final proof af the far-sighted wisdom of the magnanimous policy of the victor towards the vanquished which must ever be one of the glorious pages in American history. Had Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet been hanged, and his generals imprisoned, permanently disfranchised and excluded from participation in the Government, there must have remained enduring sores and lasting grievances. As it was, Lee and Wheeler had no personal grudges to hold them back in 1898. It was not given to them to be of great military value to the Union in the war with Spain and the subjugation of the Filipinos, but their commissioning was well worth while from every point of view, and must have been for them the greatest happiness of their lives.

AUTHORS OF PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGES.

Professor Dunning of Columbia has reprinted from the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society his interesting paper on the first annual message of Andrew Johnson. That public document was, in fact, written by George Bancroft. This is the strange discovery which Professor Dunning made when rummaging among the Johnson papers in the Congressional Library. His story of the identification has almost a detective flavor. The notes and rough sketches of all of Johnson's messages were preserved in large envelopes, but the one covering the message of 1865 had little in it but a complete draft. This was in a handwriting not Johnson's or that of any person in his employ at the time. While Professor Dunning was mildly wondering at this manuscript, Mr. Worthington Ford came up, and, noticing the writing, said, "Why, that is George Bancroft's hand." Thereupon it flashed upon the Professor that he had seen in the files of Johnson's letters a note from George Bancroft, marked "private and confidential." It ran as follows:

> "My task will be done to-morrow, but as no one knows what I am about and as I am my own secretary, I must ask a day or two more for a careful revision and for making a clean copy, which must be done with my own hand."

The date of that letter was November 9, 1865. It was on December 5 that the message was sent to Congress. The interval was, therefore, just about what would have been natural for Bancroft's copying, and we have the draft of the message in the same handwriting as the note speaking of his "task," and referring to a "copy which must be done with my own hand." Careful collation of the Bancroft draft with the message as actually sent in and published, shows that there were only a few modifications of the phrasing, with here and there the insertion of a routine paragraph summarizing the work of a department. The demonstration is complete. The real author of the President's annual message of 1865 was, not Andrew Johnson, but George Bancroft.

This fact, we can now easily see, had much to do with the high favor with which the message was received by the country. Johnson was in a trying position. Not only had his unequal hand to be put to the work dropped by the mighty Lincoln, but he had, if possible, to overcome the unhappy impression made by his public behavior on entering office. It was feared that he would prove to be a boor of low habits. Hence it was certainly a stroke of luck for him that his first important state paper should bear the hall-mark of dignified writing. It won instant and wide praise. Professor Dunning quotes some of the current approval. The *Evening Post*, he reports, found the message "frank, dignified, direct, and manly," with "not a single ambiguous sentence." He notes also:

> "The *Nation*—and here was praise from the very throne itself—declared that any American might read it with pride, and found solid hope for democracy in the fact that such a document should have been produced by 'this Tennesseean tailor, who was toiling for his daily bread in the humblest of employments when the chiefs of all other countries were reaping every advantage which school, college, or social position could furnish.'"

Probably no other message was ever "conveyed" so bodily by a wise President, yet our Chiefs of State have usually been ready to exercise a sort of literary eminent domain. Whenever a friend or adviser had a happy thought or a well-written passage, apt for message or speech, Presidents have made it their own by appropriating it. There is more of Hamilton than Washington in the Farewell Address. Many of Andrew Jackson's public utterances came hissing hot from the fire of his kitchen cabinet. Mr. Cleveland was, no doubt, much beholden to the pens of others. Daniel Manning and David A. Wells are

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supposed to have been responsible for some of the phraseology of his famous tariff message; and Gresham and Olney left their sign manual on the Hawaiian and Venezuelan messages. But Presidents have always leaned heavily, in such matters, upon their Secretaries of State. It was noted that President McKinley's speeches and state papers gained an unwonted and welcome literary quality after Mr. Hay had entered the State Department. In a Boston speech, that least poetical of Presidential orators dropped into verse from a little-known poem of Mr. Hay's own. As for our present voluminous producer in the White House, no one living man will have the audacity to claim personal responsibility for anything but a few drops of that mighty flood; yet there are literary claimants, even here, ranging all the way from Jacob Riis to President Mellen.

We are dealing, of course, with no vulgar question of plagiarism. The problem of authorship, strictly speaking, seldom arises in connection with Presidential messages. They, as a rule, are mosaics; and only the higher critic who can confidently dissect out the documents in the Pentateuch would venture to assign the various bits to the Secretaries, or others, who contributed them. Indeed, it is hard to think of a President as an Author. Greater things are for him. Of none of our Chief Magistrates could it have been written what Horace Walpole said of a young sprig of nobility for whom he played the part of literary godfather: "He thinks nothing so charming as Authors, and to be one." The charming author, to a President, is the one to whom he can go in the seigniorial spirit of a Molière and take from him for his own use the noble sentiments he finds nowhere else so well expressed. This, it may be, is the reason why President Roosevelt quotes so often from himself.

MOZART.

Saturday afternoon's performance of "Don Giovanni" was the only contribution of the Metropolitan Opera House to the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's birth, although "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute" may come as postludes later in the season. In our concert halls the jubilee week has been celebrated by putting at least one Mozart number on every programme. In Germany and Austria there has been a real Mozart revival, with headquarters, naturally enough, at Vienna, where the master spent the greater part of his short life and where he died. When Director Mahler, of the Imperial Opera in that city, accepted his post, nine years ago, he made the conscientious, artistic production of Mozart's operas the main object of his managerial activity. Beginning with "The Magic Flute" and "Figaro," he gave performances which served as models for all Europe in the same way in which Wagner intended the Bayreuth festivals to demonstrate to the world the right method of interpreting his own music dramas.

Mahler once confessed that his understanding of Mozart had come much more slowly than his appreciation of other masters. Others have had this experience. Edvard Grieg wrote a magazine article a few years ago in which he berated the Wagnerites for underrating Mozart, although Wagner himself had said: "I believe in God, Mozart, and Beethoven." Grieg tells us that he himself "loved Mozart, then for a time lost him, but found him again, nevermore to lose him." Tchaikovsky wrote to Frau von Meck: "I not only like Mozart, I idolize him. . . . The music of 'Don Juan' roused in me a divine enthusiasm which was not without after-results. . . . It is thanks to Mozart that I have devoted my life to music." Gounod wrote: "The score of 'Don Giovanni' has influenced my life like a revelation." To him Mozart was the master of masters. The three composers just cited belong to Norway, Russia, and France; their testimony bears witness to Mozart's remarkable influence beyond the boundaries of Greater Germany. Such internationalism seems particularly meet in his case, as he himself represents a fusion of Italian and German elements, with a dash of French influence; for Paris, during the several months he spent there as a youth of twenty-two, taught him not a little, especially in the line of orchestral coloring. On Italy, Mozart exerted a deep influence through Rossini and his followers; yet, oddly enough, although he wrote all but two of his operas in the mellifluous Italian style and to Italian words, none of them has ever been really popular in that country, whereas the rugged, boreal music-dramas of Wagner are much in vogue there. Herein lies one of the mysteries of musical history. One of Director Mahler's experiences in Vienna illustrates the present attitude of music lovers in general toward Mozart's operas. Five years ago he mounted "Così fan tutte" in the most sumptuous and artistic manner. No detail was neglected that might help to ensure success, but the deficits reported from the ticket office compelled him, after two months, to drop the opera. Last December, in view of the impending jubilee, he tried to revive it—but in vain; only the first performance drew a satisfactory audience, although the cast was excellent and the attention to details had gone so far as to give the leader a chance to accompany the recitatives on a genuine, specially constructed clavichord. It is useless to meddle with the musical dial. Opera-goers in Vienna, as in New York, have long since made up their mind that of Mozart's seven chief operas ("Idomeneo," "Entführung," "Così fan tutte," "La Clemenza di Tito," "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Magic Flute"), only the three last named suffice for an evening's entertainment. The others contain some gems, but on the whole not only fail to move us, but do not even arouse our interest, except as students of musical history. In other departments the ravages of time are even more conspicuous. Of Mozart's three dozen or more songs, only one survives in concert halls; of his forty-one symphonies, only three are heard today, and those not often; of his still more numerous sonatas and other pieces for pianoforte, barely half-a-dozen are known to modern concert-goers.

It would be incorrect to make the flight of time entirely responsible for this state of affairs. Bach was born seventy-one years before Mozart, yet his works are steadily gaining ground while Mozart's are losing. The conditions of the latter's unfortunate life, and his manner of composing, account for the ephemeral nature of most of his works. He wrote music as other people write letters. Grieg relates that one time, when in Vienna, he saw the MS. of the D minor concerto for piano. "In the finale Mozart was in some way or other interrupted in his writing. When he again took up his pen he did not continue where he had left off. A stroke of the pen over the excellent piece, a new finale, the one which we all know! No laborious search for the lost thread." In some cases this impromptu method worked well; in others it did not. A great proportion of his 626 works are mere *pièces d'occasion*. He wrote songs for his friends as they wrote their names in albums, and cared not what became of them. Many of his pianoforte works were composed specially for his pupils. "The silkworm produces its smooth, regular ball of silk without effort," writes Professor Shedlock, "and in like manner Mozart could turn out allegros, rondos, sets of variations *à discrétion*. The sonata in C minor is, to our thinking, the only one in which he was entirely absorbed in his art."

When, however, Mozart was thus entirely wrapped up in his work he achieved results equalled by few and surpassed by none. His "Don Giovanni" and "Magic Flute," in particular, contain imperishable pages of inspiration; here are oceans of melody and marvels of dramatic characterization, which make it seem probable that had he lived more than a paltry thirty-five years he might have anticipated Weber and even Wagner. He knew better than any one else that he had just arrived at the threshold of his greatest possible achievements. "And now I must go," he said on his deathbed, "just as it has become possible for me to live quietly. Now I must leave

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my art just as I have freed myself from the slavery of fashion, have broken the bonds of speculators, and won the privilege of following my own feelings, and composing freely and independently whatever my heart prompted."

Although Mozart's life was thus, like that of Schubert, whom he resembled in so many ways, an "unfinished symphony," he wrote not only much immortal music, but music which it is particularly important that the composers of our time should study and take as a model, because it is preëminent for two important elements which they foolishly neglect, to wit, melody and simplicity. Richard Strauss, the leader of the contemporary culprits, has expressed his great admiration of Mozart; but if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then his own works are a criminal libel on Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND ELECTRICITY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., January 23, 1906.

One notes a tendency among certain physicists to return to Franklin's one-fluid theory of electricity, and to identify his electric fluid with the ether. This tendency is seen, perhaps, more strongly in England than on the Continent, and it is accompanied by an idealistic trend of thought which forms one of the most remarkable reactions between physics and metaphysics. It naturally leads one, on this anniversary of his birth, to examine his work in electricity, and to comment upon the attitude of the philosophers who seize the present confusion of physicists in the presence of radium and the mysterious phenomena of the X-rays to proclaim the ultimate reversion of the thinking world to an idealistic conception of matter and energy.

It is not often that a scientific man can appeal by his experiments to the whole human race so that, from the most ignorant to the most cultivated, the experiments become household lore. Franklin, we have believed from our infancy, drew the thunderbolts from the sky; in our minds he is the incarnate Prometheus. His kite experiment was dramatic, and the setting of the stage more impressive than an Irving could accomplish. Great cumuli, formed, like the fisherman's genie, out of thin air, darkened the heavens, and, flashing with ire, came on the rising wind to the accompaniment of thunder. The calm philosopher stood with bared head at the centre of the stage, and, by his renowned action, stirred to life the Promethean myth—the strange myth which seemed to foreshadow the relinquishment to man of a celestial fire. Without detracting from his philosophic insight, it can be said in passing that his safety in making the kite experiment is one of the most convincing examples of luck on record. An immediate follower of his example was killed, and to-day no one, even a boy, would dare to repeat the experiment. Instead of being covered with opprobrium for what the common-sense Yankee still calls "monkeying" with lightning, he became the greatest electrician of his age, thus uniting a command over one of the most subtle manifestations of nature to his influence over "that fiery particle, the mind of man." His kite experiment led to a renewed interest in experiments with Leyden jars and electrical machines—experiments which were not due to him alone, but which were brought into notice by his dramatic experiment. The fashionable world of Paris amused itself with electrical experiments; and, instead of playing bridge, the court ladies stood on insulated stools and gave sparks to adoring courtiers. In most colonial houses, fifty years ago, there was a popular engraving representing Franklin at the court of Louis the Sixteenth, being crowned by the ladies in the presence of a brilliant assembly of courtiers. Artists painted him gazing out of the canvas with that imperturbable smile "o'er all the ills of lightning victorious," while forked flashes were seen through the open window.

When we examine Franklin's work in electricity, we discover that the results of his experiments and the repetition of those of foreign investigators are embodied in his one-fluid theory—a theory which seems to have been given a new lease of life by the modern theory of the negative corpuscle. In Franklin's view, the negative state of a body was explained by a deficit of a fluid. The negative-corpuscle theory accounts for it by the detachment of a negative corpuscle from a positively charged body. A positively charged pith-ball shows a negative state when the negative corpuscles are detached, in comparison with a positively charged pith-ball which retains its full complement. We can picture to ourselves a species of electrical vacuum thus created between the balls. The electrical condition of the surrounding space is disturbed and the balls are forced together. This statement merely expresses what takes place, without giving any illuminating reason for the action; and we have to confess that we are no nearer a decision between the claims of the one-fluid theory and the two-fluid theory which was in vogue before Franklin enunciated the former, than the philosophers were 200 years ago. The truth is, that Franklin got hold of the hardest end of electricity, and could not make much progress. His experiments were interesting, but did not really lead to the great development of electricity seen in the nineteenth century. The electric spark may be said to contain the whole potentiality of electricity. During 200 years we have learned little more than Franklin knew about it; and it must be confessed that our study of lightning has not conduced to the great development of practical electricity. Indeed, lightning is still a terror and an impediment to electrical enterprise. It was reserved for that remarkable race, the Italians, through Galvani and Volta, to open a more fruitful method of studying the phenomena of electricity. Without the battery, Franklin's results would have remained on a par with the philosophic observations of the Greeks—somewhat more extensive, but food for philosophy rather than for science, being devoid of measurement. Without measurement, science cannot advance beyond the wild surmise of the philosopher. It must be said, however, that Franklin had the merits of an early explorer, and doubtless excited the imagination and increased the interest in the subject of electricity. The explorer on the Peak of Darien, gazing on the mysterious ocean spread before him, doubtless thought of Eldorado, new peoples, and wonderful products of new climes. As long as philosophers worked with electrical sparks without measuring instruments, their vision did not include an electrical Eldorado.

Franklin had a clear sense of the universality of the manifestations which he studied; and when Mr. James Alexander of New York suggested that the velocity of electricity could be measured by allowing it to run down certain rivers and to work its way back by other water-courses, Franklin showed clearly that all parts of such a circuit would respond instantly to an electrical stimulus. He evidently believed, however, with Mr. Alexander, that electricity would follow the water-courses instead of being instantly dissipated in the earth; for he ranked water with metals in respect to electrical conductivity.

When we class Franklin with the non-measuring philosophers, we shall be asked, "Did Faraday ever make a quantitative measurement?" and we can answer that Faraday had essentially a mathematical mind, which did not express itself in symbols: he was a scientific poet without the rhyme. His mathematical conception of lines of force forms the basis of the most mathematical and the best treatise on electricity ever published, Maxwell's treatise on electricity and magnetism. We propose, therefore, to class Franklin among philosophers who have condescended to study nature—the type which has a *raison d'être*, but which is not the best working type, for they have not the essential tools. His principal work in electricity resulted in the formulation of the one-fluid theory, which we may class as a philosophical production, not engendering any unanimity of belief; and in the kite experiment, with the application of the result to lightning-rods. Even to-day there is not a realizing sense of the amount of energy which is often manifested in a lightning discharge, and which no lightning-rod is competent to carry to the ground. The early experiments with glass electrical machines and with Leyden jars, and the celebrated kite experiment, gave an erroneous impression of lightning. Timid people still seek safety in a thunderstorm in featherbeds, sit on chairs provided with glass legs, stand on plates of glass, or feel confidence in rubber boots. A moment's reflection will convince us that a discharge of lightning often many hundred feet in length cannot be prevented by a few inches of glass or any insulator. It would be highly unsafe to repeat Franklin's kite experiment if one stood on a plate of glass in proximity to the string, for lightning exhibits a side flash. From the fact that Franklin was not killed, certain electricians believe that he did not actually draw lightning from the skies, but merely showed that there was a difference of electrical state between the higher regions of the sky and the ground. On many days under a clear sky one can obtain sparks from a kite string suitably conducting. It was reserved for Faraday to show that the only complete protection from lightning is a metallic cage.

I should soon lose the attention of the general reader if I endeavored to develop at length the theory that all matter is electrical, and that it consists of knots in the ether. This theory is based *au fond*

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on what is termed electric inertia—that is, the disposition of an electric current to continue when the circuit, or wire carrying it, is broken, and to resist starting when the circuit is made, or the ends of the connecting wire are coupled with the dynamo or battery. This illustration of something resembling the inertia of matter is not a very scientific one, but it perhaps enables one to grasp the idea that the reactions between currents of electricity formed in space might cause the inertia which enables us to conceive of matter. The attitude of physicists toward this electrical theory of matter is simply this: Let us see how far a mathematical treatment based upon this new conception will carry us, for in this analysis we may be able to clarify our views without committing ourselves finally to a theory which seems at first sight to be so opposed to daily experience, a theory of no matter. Franklin, in his one-fluid theory, did not identify electricity with possible motions or knots in a universal ether. He held fast to the usual conception of matter, something that you could hit your head against; and he conceived of a subtle fluid, the electric fluid, which was contained in different proportions in all bodies. The particles of the fluid are supposed to repel one another, according to the law of the inverse square of the distance, and to attract those of matter according to the same law. Those of matter are supposed to repel each other and attract those of electricity. We have, then, cases of surcharge and cases of deficit, which are analogous, perhaps, to conceptions now much in vogue in England, and which arise from the theory of the negative corpuscle.

The power of words has never been more strongly exemplified than by the effect on mankind of the celebrated line of the Frenchman, "Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis." I have analyzed the major part of this proposition, and I leave the minor part to the historians.

JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, January 1, 1906.

For some few months past, various rumors have been about as to the change the Academy proposed to make in the character of its Winter Exhibition. Academicians, it was said, had discovered that the result of the annual show of Old Masters was the depreciation of their own work, and had therefore decided that, to bring back academical masterpieces into favor, there was nothing to do but to boycott the Old Masters. It looks, however, as if, when the time came, the Academicians had not the courage of their weakness. To judge from the exhibition just opened, in order to avoid too abrupt a change, they hit upon a compromise, and resolved to boycott only the foreigner, planning a representative showing of English masters from the days of William Dobson to the very last Academician who died but yesterday. Then, at the last moment, apparently they hesitated again—afraid of the public, afraid of the critics, afraid of the Morellians, for whom the Winter Exhibition has lately been a happy hunting-ground—and a few foreigners were allowed to creep in, to the utter destruction of whatever unity in the series had been proposed.

I do not write this to find fault, for, as it happens, the little group of foreign work contains two or three of the most important pictures in the gallery. The show would be notable were it only for the appearance in it of a Franz Hals, hitherto, in modern times anyway, unknown to fame. That it should have remained unknown so long is the more extraordinary because it is so large a canvas you would hardly think it could have passed unnoticed, especially as it is years now since interest in Hals was revived and he took his rank again, as he should, among the masters. The painting belongs to Colonel Warde, who, it is said, now insures it for ten thousand pounds, though it was bought early in the last century for virtually a song, a mere trifle of eighteen pounds. Prices, it is true, have nothing whatever to do with the real value of a picture, but they make an amusing commentary on the changes of fashion among art patrons, who think themselves people of taste. It is a characteristic Hals, a large portrait group of "The Painter and his Family," according to the Catalogue—of any other family rather than his, according to some critics. Against a landscape background husband and wife sit side by side, their hands clasped. By the father stands the son, a mere lad; the daughter, young and demure, stands near the mother; between and a little behind them, a small black boy, the one solemn person in the group. To the right of the girl, you look to a wide stretch of open country, beautifully suggested, and, in the distance, a town, a low red blur on the horizon. The picture has not the irresistible gayety, the life, the delightful abandonment of that memorable portrait of Hals and his wife in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam. The richness and joy of youth have left her, just as the touch of rose has gone from her cap, and he—if it is Hals—no longer swaggers with the old light-hearted irresponsibility. But the picture is full of the most splendid, the most vivid, the most masterly passages. The painting of his own long, brown boots, turned down loosely at the top, is as amazing as anything Hals ever did, and the two children have more charm than is always found in his figures. The little girl, so tenderly, so broadly rendered, becomes positively beautiful in her shy, smiling homeliness, positively graceful in the childish awkwardness of her pose; one hand hanging stiffly at her side, the other holding a fan. And the way some of the detail is put in—her gloves, for instance, as well as the unclasped hand of the wife, and Hals's boots—is like a forecast of the splendid breadth of execution, the overwhelming truth, of those two marvellous groups of old men and old women at Haarlem.

This picture will probably monopolize the interest in the little series of Dutch and Flemish masters. But among the few Van Dycks of varying degrees of merit there is one of his very finest, "The Wife of Snyders." You have only to look to know that it was turned out by no diligent factory of pictures, that it is the work of the master, in which no pupils, no apprentices, no assistants, had part. It is very simple—a three-quarter length of a woman, seated, wearing a dark gown and the prim ruff and cap of the day. But it has the splendor, the unity of tone, that marks the masterpiece. The face and the hands, too, are full of character. The detail of lace and embroidery is most delicately indicated, and there is, on a table in the background, a vase of flowers so well subordinated to the figure that you do not see it at first, but, when you do see it, it strikes you as a little masterpiece in itself.

One other picture in the group I must mention, because it is the finest portrait I remember by Cornelius Janssens, a painter who so very often leaves one cold and indifferent. The title in the Catalogue is "Portrait of a Lady in Black," so that it does not, as in the case of the Van Dyck, borrow additional interest from the personality of the sitter. It has all the Dutch austerity of arrangement. It is a half-length; the lady is standing; her pose is simple, her dress is quiet, her jewels make no lavish display. But here again the charm is in the suggestion of character, the beauty of tone, the artist's fine sense of design. In so restrained a scheme he knew how to make everything tell, even to the little coat of arms placed in an upper corner, the one touch of brilliant color in the solemn harmony.

This series covers little more than the wall of one room. The English pictures fill all the other galleries. It is not easy to say upon just what system they were selected. At first, when it is found they begin with Hogarth, one thinks the idea was to make a representative and chronological collection; but many gaps are soon discovered. If, in the third gallery, one goes even further back than Hogarth, to Dobson, who here seems but an English re-echo of Van Dyck, there is nothing by Walker, the contemporary of Dobson, and the painter of that fine "Cromwell" in the National Gallery. There are good Wilsons and Turners, but Constable, Bonington, and Crome are poorly represented, and there is no Cotman at all. Coming down still later, it is hard to say why, if Rossetti and Burne-Jones are included, Ford Madox-Brown should be left out; why, if so much space is reserved for Simeon Solomon, whom the Academy did not care to recognize during his somewhat tempestuous and disreputable life that has only just ended, none could have been spared for an Academician like Dyce, who had much in common with the Pre-Raphaelites and was so much more scholarly than any one of them. The inclusion of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Simeon Solomon, and others, to whom the Academy remained indifferent when generous recognition would have been of use to them, might almost suggest a belated act of reparation on the part of the Academy. But when their pictures are reached, after passing through three galleries of the work of the earlier British painters, one is inclined to believe the reparation not altogether untinged with malice.

I have said who the foreign Old Masters are, and tried to give some idea of their work. If the earlier British pictures have been gathered together without any particular rhyme or reason, a number of them show what great things had been accomplished by the British school before the protest of the Pre-Raphaelites made itself seen—and heard, too—in the Victorian wil-

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derness. There is nothing of Hogarth's to equal "The Shrimp Girl" in the National Gallery, but the portraits are fairly good examples of his power of observation and his tremendous command of technique, and there is a group at Wanstead House that, if somewhat naïvely stiff in the arrangement and pose of the little figures, has, in the room where they are gathered, the beauty of tone and the stateliness he knew how to get out of the domestic architecture and decoration of his time. I have seen more distinguished Reynoldses before this at Burlington House, but it is interesting to come upon the originals of mezzotints and color-prints so popular just now. And then his "Miss McGill, afterwards Countess of Clanwilliam," from Cobham House, I do not think has been publicly exhibited before for many years, and his huge portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, if conventional and perfunctory presentments of royalty, are treated with a dignity and an impressive and appropriate sumptuousness of color rarely, if ever, found in the royal portraits of to-day, the royalty of our generation seeming instinctively to want the wrong thing in art, and the painters, on the other hand, becoming paralyzed in the royal presence. Gainsborough, too, I have seen to greater advantage in previous exhibitions. But there is a "Miss Adney," a half-length in an oval frame, all delicate rose and white, that is lovely as decoration if the face is unusually flat and pretty, even for Gainsborough, whose talent was not for vigorous and solid modelling. His "Giardini," the violinist, also tells—the portrait of a man in red coat, that has real beauty of color and much more vigor and life than many of his more celebrated canvases. And the not very well-known portrait of his two daughters has a personal interest, though it fades and the figures seem vague and impersonal when they are compared to the wonderful children in the Hals group.

On the whole, the most striking portraits of the British School come from the men of lesser reputation. The Raeburns are numerous, and are mostly excellent examples, but there is among them one in particular—"Of a Girl" is the indefinite title—that possesses a charm not very often characteristic of his work. The child, delightfully placed on the oval of the canvas, sits with her hands folded in her lap, her long, loose brown mits repeating the note of dull gold in her hair. She is without the sentiment, she is spared the accessories, Reynolds loved. Just as she is in the portrait, so Raeburn may have seen her many times, shy and quiet, sitting with her elders. The pose natural to her was the pose that pleased him, nor did he attempt to improve upon her simple white dress, content to give it no new beauty except the beauty of the triumphant sweep of his well-charged brush. Among the Romneys, also, there is one that stands out above the others, "Mrs. Dawes," a lady long past her first youth, full of the fascination of Lady Hamilton, so that he was able to see more than prettiness in her face, to enjoy the amusing color in her silk gown of orange shot with green, the fine quality of her laces, the depth and air in the gray background. More surprising, however, is the "Portrait of Mrs. Warde," by Opie, who so seldom has any surprises in store for us. But this is really charming in the sympathetic rendering of a charming head and the decorative pattern got out of the placing of the large straw hat with its blue ribbons.

The selection of the landscapes has not been so fortunate, though for this very reason they had on Press Day the greatest success with the critics, who see small use for a picture that cannot be attributed to a painter never credited with it before. "Is it beautiful?" is no longer asked, but, "Is it right?" A stately "Rouen," the white cathedral towering above town and river and bridge, catalogued as a Turner, was dismissed as "not right at all, though the very thing the American would pronounce a characteristic example." Turner may never have painted it, but why the deceit should take in the American particularly, it would be difficult to say, since, if it had not been for the mistakes all Europe made during centuries in the cataloguing of characteristic examples, where would be the modern game of "attributions"? However, right or not right, there are a few very beautiful landscapes, none more beautiful in my eyes than a little "Lake of Nemi" by Richard Wilson, classical in arrangement it may be, with the towered town on a height in the foreground, but so full of light and air—the far hills with houses scattered over the slopes gradually fading into a gray haze on the horizon—that Corot might have signed it. There are also two or three good Turners—a "Venice," a "Pilot-Boat." And De Wint, with a sombre, imposing "Lincoln," is the surprise among the landscape painters as Opie is among the portrait painters.

Altogether, if there are not many great masterpieces, the average of the work of the earlier British masters is excellent. It sets the standard you carry with you into the first of the rooms devoted to the more modern painters—a Pre-Raphaelite room, Holman Hunt is absent, because the death of the artist is a necessary qualification for the admission of his pictures. But Millais and Rossetti appear, and, with them, hang Burne-Jones, their immediate disciple, and Simeon Solomon, a later follower, and Val Prinsep, who, evidently from the canvas now shown, was very much with them at one time. And how does Pre-Raphaelitism come out of the test to which it is now put? Honestly, my feeling was entirely one of disappointment. There was such youth, such romance, such audacity in the Pre-Raphaelite movement—though I ought to add that the more the members of the Brotherhood write about it, the less romance and the less audacity remain; but not even the confessions of Holman Hunt can rob it of its youth, and the movement was a revolt as truly as the Romanticism of *les Jeunes* in France in the thirties, as the realism of the ardent little group of the sixties and seventies. In the other galleries you can form some idea of what it is the Pre-Raphaelites revolted against. There are landscapes with the brown tree and the brown grass that were the deadly sins of art to Holman Hunt; there are a couple of Wilkies, with the trivial tale and sentiment that were to him anathema. And what did the Pre-Raphaelites give in the place of the old conventions? Millais's "Knight at the Ford," the only one of his Pre-Raphaelite pictures shown, may be taken as a fairly typical example. It is in many ways very fine, a remarkable performance for a youth—if, in looking at it, one could only forget the delightful caricature Sandys made of it, the lithograph, now very rare, that Sandys once told me offended Ruskin's father much more than Ruskin himself.

Holman Hunt, in his big book, has just been explaining again what were the methods of this little band of reformers. The same explanation is in some of Millais's letters already published. The young men went down into the country with all the enthusiasm of missionaries, painted their landscape background from nature day after day, and all day, no matter what the effect or how it changed with the rising or sinking of the sun in the heavens. They left spaces for the figures they afterwards copied from their models when they came up to town. I doubt if the "Knight at the Ford" was done quite as scrupulously as the "Ophelia" or "The Huguenot," but all the defects of the method still clung to Millais when he painted it. The horse, with its burden of three figures, in the foreground, looks as if it had been cut out and pasted on. Turn from it, back into the other room, to that big canvas by Hals. How well in the landscape the figures are, how entirely they belong to it! The Pre-Raphaelite gives a thin flat surface of paint; the Dutchman, with no mission in the world except to paint as well as he knew how, gives nature, gives life, as it is. It may be that the Pre-Raphaelites soared to higher themes than Wilkie, with his tiresome "Blind Man's Buff" and "Rabbits on the Wall," but they were apt to let their subjects get the better of them. Some of the pictures I have always remembered as the most splendid by Burne-Jones have a place—"Love among the Ruins," "Laus Veneris." But look at the "Laus Veneris," with its group of women in bright crimson and scarlet and blue, and then turn back again to the Hals and look at the group there, and you will see how much more splendid and sumptuous the color is in their sombre brown and black. Burne-Jones's design seems as much a piece of tapestry as the tapestry he painted on the wall behind the women; and as for the distance out of the window, where the knights pass, it has not the beauty that even Wilkie could give, in the little "Errand Boy" in another room, to so insignificant a feature as a distant rose-flushed cottage wall with a green water-butt set against it. The Pre-Raphaelites have proved nothing so much as that subject does not make great art, and that conscientiousness is not the chief virtue of the artist. Holman Hunt might fill a dozen more large books with his profession of their faith, himself as their high-priest and prophet-in-chief, and still could not make us discover in their pictures a beauty that had not been surpassed by the great masters—and some of the little masters, for that matter—who were to him no better than renegades and infidels. After the older work in the collection, the paintings in this series look weak and thin and empty.

It is in the chance for this comparison that I found my chief interest in seeing them at the Academy. Besides, there is the less need to dwell on individual examples because they have been so many times described—for instance, Rossetti's "The Beloved" and "Mnemosyne," and several of the small water-colors, really the best things he ever did; Burne-Jones's series of "The Princess Sabra." The Simeon Solomons hardly seem to me to justify the at-

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tention this artist is just now attracting in London. His drawings, which are not exhibited, are better than his overworked paintings and mystery-laden, self-conscious water-colors.

Of the other paintings there is little to be said except that there is a fine landscape by Cecil Lawson, who was never in the Academy, and work by recent Academicians and Associates that ought to make the Academy do penance in sackcloth and ashes for the rest of its existence. There are some interesting things in the water-color room, among them a number of Turner's mountain peaks and mountain lakes, and here and there a delicate little drawing by artists like Fred Walker and Pinwell. The Black-and-White Room is devoted to a collection of drawings and sketches by Watts, studies for his pictures, which would have been more appropriately shown with the exhibition of his paintings last winter.

N. N.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS IN AUSTRALASIA.

SYDNEY, December 25, 1905.

New Zealand has just been the theatre of one of the most keenly contested struggles these colonies have witnessed. All Australia hung, breathless, on the late triennial general elections in the souther colony. Within the British Empire the sun rises earliest in New Zealand, and there (to borrow Daniel Webster's fine image) the drum-beat of State Socialism started, in company with it, on its journey round the world. The system on which the colony timidly embarked thirteen years ago, with the Socialist developments which Australia is day by day adopting from it, and which the Motherland, under the new Liberal ministry, may now begin to adopt, was on its trial. Industrial arbitration, old-age pensions, and the nationalization of the land were the chief bones of contention. Both sides made extraordinary efforts. In the preceding session the Government carried a number of Socialist measures. It increased the amount of the old-age pension by almost 50 per cent. It devised a large scheme of State dwellings for workmen. It legislated against Trusts. It proposed to augment by 50 per cent. the sum annually devoted to repurchasing private estates in order to provide small farms for the moneyless settler. Not content with these performances added to the long list of suchlike measures already on the statute book, the Cyclopean energy of the Premier was lavish in promises. He undertook to build 3,000 workmen's homes and (reviving an old idea of John Bright's) to provide "a free breakfast-table" in every one of them. He held out the hope that old-age pensions would yet be made universal.

The Opposition, for its part, showed no lack of resource. It created two more parties—the New Liberals and the Independent Labor party. It exposed the financial condition of the colony—the heavy burden its Socialism was laying on it in an indebtedness of sixty millions sterling, the pressure of taxation increased in ten years by a guinea a head, and the cost of living raised by at least 20 per cent. It recalled the "gagging bill" passed last session, by which freedom of speech on the platform was restricted. It denounced the despotism of the Premier who has for twelve years been governing New Zealand as Bismarck ruled Prussia, the slavery of the civil service, which must vote as he orders, and the reign of terror that is extinguishing every spark of independence throughout the colony. All its efforts were worse than fruitless; they recoiled on itself. The New Liberals were decapitated. The Independent Laborites were wiped out. The Opposition was almost annihilated. The Government majority of two to one was converted into a majority of more than three to one. By what seemed a virtually unanimous vote, the colony riveted on its own neck the yoke of its Socialist administration, its autocratic Premier, its moral enslavement. If it is in chains, it is in love with its chains.

A closer scrutiny gives a somewhat different complexion to the result. In round numbers, 200,000 males and females (for the suffrage is bisexual) voted for the Government, and 170,000 voted for the Opposition. Had 30,000 individuals voted differently, the relations of parties would have been reversed. Had an equitable method of voting been in use, the Opposition would have been returned with six-sevenths as many members as the Ministerialists, whereas it has less than one-third as many. An enlightened Minister vainly tried to introduce the Hare method into the colony, and similar unsuccess attended its attempted introduction into the Commonwealth; but it has for years been in force in the two chief towns of Tasmania, and the Tasmanian Government lately proposed to extend it to the entire State. Proportional representation is the dream of all liberals in countries where no constitutional limits are set to legislative omnipotence.

Though old-age pensions were a bone of contention between the rival parties at the late general elections, the contention was to determine which should have the most of it. The leader of the Opposition vied with the Premier in proposing to universalize them. There was no question of repealing the act creating them. The mere suggestion would have been fatal to the party making it. Those who are in the receipt of them, those who are looking forward to enjoying them, and all on whom both classes would be dependent, would have combined to defeat the proposal. The sentiment in Australia is almost the same. Though Tasmania, South Australia, and West Australia profess to be too poor to introduce them, no ministry would venture to abolish them in those States where they have been established. The retrenching Victorian ministry is at heart opposed to them, but all it has dared to attempt is to reduce the amount of the pensions and surround them with a variety of restrictions. The reforming ministry in New South Wales is no less secretly hostile, but it seeks only to lighten the cost of administering them, to sweep away abuses, and to expose the wrongful acceptance of them by individuals whose relatives are well able to support them. Queensland is about to introduce such pensions. Even the only free-trade ministry the Commonwealth has seen, though anti-Socialist on principle, was willing to enact a general system, applicable to all Australia, provided the various States would consent to the respective amounts being deducted by the Commonwealth treasurer from the proportion (three-fourths) of the customs duties returned to the States. The old-age pension is on its way to become a standing institution, permanently incorporated in the structure of the colonial governments.

Whether these adventurous colonies will be able to sustain the burden they are laying on their own shoulders, and by what means, are questions that are causing their administrators no little anxiety. More than twenty years ago, when the subject of old-age pensions was first broached, a pioneer Socialist minister toured New Zealand and expounded a plan for raising the necessary funds by means of voluntary contributions collected by the State and thereby made compulsory. That was on the model of the impracticable German system, which is even now advocated by moderate Liberals; but the tour was a failure, and the scheme could by no possibility have been a success. The more alluring Danish model has been deliberately adopted in both New Zealand and Australia. The principle of self-insurance has been ignored; all attempts to provide by special taxation for the consequent expenditure have been abandoned, and the outlay is being met from ordinary revenue. It is depleting, and in all the three colonies it far exceeds the original estimates. The various acts may, indeed, be affirmed to have been passed on false pretences, though it is doubtful whether the popular pressure could in any case have been resisted. In fact, the moment the bill was passed, a rush was made, and, for a time, till measures were taken to thin it, the crowd of applicants continued to swell. Were they all bona-fide, and such as the act contemplated?

Very much the contrary. The income-tax and old-age pensions together are making perjurers of a large portion of the population of Australia and New Zealand. A late Premier of Victoria admitted that there had been "some shocking cases of imposition." In New South Wales old and respected colonists are sent to prison for understating their income or their property. Others forge false declarations about themselves or the ability of their children to support them. In New Zealand the registrar states that "the extent of the imposition practised and the amounts obtained by unscrupulous persons are almost incredible." In 1902, and again in 1903, large sums were recovered, by legal proceedings or otherwise, from pensioners who had been paid under fraudulent claims. In 1902 and 1903 many were struck off the rolls. And here the writer may be permitted to correct an error of his own in the *Yale Review* for August, 1904. He there stated that it was now practicable to measure the curvature of the parabola described by old-age pensions in common with all other sociological phenomena. After only five years of the operation of the act, it seemed that the curve had reached its apex, and the diminution of the pension roll by the death of old pensioners exceeded its enlargement by the addition of new pensioners. It was a sanguine conclusion. It is a fact that in 1903 and 1904 there was a notable decline in the number of pensioners, but this was not owing to the deaths overtaking the additions to the roll. It was exclusively due to the excision of fraudulent pensioners. The pension roll

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yearly lengthens, and the Premier of New Zealand estimates that the increase will continue for years to come.

Two recent amending acts have in various particulars changed the complexion of the system in New Zealand and New South Wales. On the eve of the general elections the Premier of New Zealand introduced a bill which the Opposition described as "a magnificent electioneering bribe." The first and most important new provision was that the amount of the pension was raised from £18 to £26 annually. Mr. Seddon asserted that, since 1898, when pensions were first granted, the cost of living, in house-rent, food, and clothing, had so materially increased that £26 would now go no farther than £18 did then. The admission, if it is well-founded, seems to be a condemnation of the legislation that has brought about the increase; but that is by the way. The prosperous southern colony, it must be allowed, has shown remarkable self-restraint in so long refusing to yield to pressure by augmenting the pension. With far less excuse, impecunious Victoria began by fixing the amount at £26, which a retrenching ministry afterwards endeavored to cut down to £17, but was compelled by the Legislature to raise it to eight shillings a week, or almost £22. In New South Wales, not then at the end of a long chain of annual deficits, it was from the first extravagantly fixed at £26. Even now a reform Ministry does not dare to reduce the amount, which may be considered as henceforth the unalterable figure in all the colonies.

New Zealand, a pioneer in all social innovations, sound and unsound, has been the first to face the issue involved in the granting of old-age pensions. Is the pension a right or a dole? If it is a right, then all persons over sixty-five years of age, who have resided in the colony for twenty-five years, are entitled to receive it, and a late Minister for Works in New South Wales asserted that it is a right; but no other leading public man has ventured to take the same advanced ground. As already stated, the leader of the Opposition in New Zealand proposes that the difficulties arising from the necessity for discriminating between fit and unfit claimants should be obviated by making the pension universal, and the Premier looks wistfully in the same direction, but is scared by the vision of the enormous burden that would thus be laid on the shoulders of the colony. Successive purgings have brought down from 42 to 35 per cent. the proportion borne by actual recipients of pensions to those qualified by age and residence to receive them, but the registrar professes to be unable to forecast the numbers that would be thrown on the rolls should a period of industrial depression succeed the present somewhat factitious prosperity. General destitution would then make the pension practically universal.

The declarations of Australian Premiers on the character of the pension are uncompromising. A late Premier of Victoria averred that to call it anything else than a charity was mere "sentimental moonshine," and the Victorian Government has retrenched its pension roll by one-fourth on the score that the relatives of 4,000 of its pensioners were in a position to support them. The Premier of New South Wales asserts that a pension granted only to the necessitous cannot be described as other than a charity, and a chief feature of his amending statute is the machinery created to test the eligibility of applicants. He refuses to make it obligatory on near relatives to maintain a pensioner or a claimant, but great powers are conferred on the officers administering the act to make searching inquiries into all the circumstances of the applicants. A special clause gives effect to the avowal of the Premier that, if applications for pensions are made in open court, there will be an incentive to wealthy persons not to leave their poor relations unprovided for. In introducing the bill Mr. Carruthers (the first native-born Premier New South Wales has had, and the head of the first ministry consisting entirely of natives) gave ludicrous accounts of the well-to-do class of persons who have been literally enjoying pensions, and he confirmed the statement of his predecessor in office, that thousands whose relatives are well able to support them are in receipt of pensions. No feeling of pride deterred them from accepting their ten shillings a week. On the contrary, not a few individuals are proud of being pensioners, though it is doubtful if this sentiment will survive. They certainly must not be confounded with paupers. The intention of the act was, like the Danish system, to supply an honorable provision for superannuated wage-earners such as shall not be in the nature of poor-relief. The two categories, of pauper and pensioner, are quite distinct, and, so far are the pensions from having diminished the amount expended in State charitable aid, as it was claimed would be the case, that the two are mounting side by side. Perhaps the pension might be described as a cross between an equity and a charity. J. C.

Correspondence.

BLACK VERSUS ITALIAN LABOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to point out what appears to me to be an injustice, unintentional no doubt, in the account of the recent meetings of the American Economic Association at Baltimore, in the *Nation* for January 18? In speaking of the last session, devoted to the "Economic Future of the Negro," your correspondent sums up the papers and discussions in the following words:

"On the one hand, the black was shown to be a thrifty, reasonably industrious peasant, whose standard of life rises rapidly under favorable conditions; and on the other hand, he was characterized as a besotted degenerate, from whom neither progress nor even stability may be expected."

In so far as the second part of this statement is intended to apply to the leading paper of the session, that by Mr. A. H. Stone of Mississippi, it seems to me a most unfortunate misrepresentation. Mr. Stone took for his subject "The Factor of White Competition," and, after briefly showing how white labor has prevailed in Northern cities, he took up the question of white competition as a possible factor in Southern agriculture, where until recently the negro has been supreme. After showing that, during the ten years covered by the last census, the negro has lost ground slightly, he set forth the results of competition during the last seven years between Italian and negro labor on a large plantation at Sunnyside, Arkansas. The results were so marked in favor of the Italian that an inquiry into the causes of the negro failure was in order. These are to be found in well-known traits and habits. To quote Mr. Stone's words:

"Too much time spent out of his crop; too much putting off to a more convenient season; too much waiting for the weather to improve; a too constant and a too successful besieging of those in authority for money accommodations and supplies; too little reckoning against the future day of settlement; too much 'leaning on the Lord,' and too little upon himself in things not spiritual; too much living for to-day and not enough for to-morrow."

From the point of view of the planter, the greater efficiency, thrift, and, above all, reliability of the Italian make him more profitable as a laborer. Yet Mr. Stone pointed out that, on his own plantation, Dunleith, with negroes only, he had been able to make as good a showing, so far as the crop was concerned, as had the owner of Sunnyside with Italian labor. This was not due to difference in soil, for there is practically no difference, but to what he described as "about the most paternalistic system of plantation management since the war." Showing thus that it was possible for negro labor, closely supervised, to compete with white labor, little supervised, he pointed out that the negro could not hope always to be shielded from the full effect of white competition. He said:

"I do not believe it will ever come to me to do them [the negroes] a greater service than now, if only my voice could reach them, by telling them that here is the only key to the safety of their future economic position; it lies in arresting the growing agitation throughout the South of the movement for foreign immigration—by removing its cause. I believe the negro still has it in his power to do this, at least in large measure, by making of himself an efficient and dependable factor in the economic life of the South? I believe he *can* do this, but will he? It would mean a revolution in the present social and industrial life and habits of the masses. To me the outlook for such a course does not seem encouraging. It will be a slow process of attrition, when it really comes, the working out of the results of competition. It will not be attended by any sensational features. There will be nothing sudden about it nor will it mean the extinction of the negro as an economic factor. It seems to me that its effect will be merely to submerge the incompetent mass, and elevate in that very process such as can weather the storm."

It is true that Mr. Stone's view is not that of the blind optimist who judges the negro masses by the talented tenth; but it is equally remote from that of the blind pessimist who regards the negro as a "besotted degenerate, from whom neither progress nor even stability may be expected." Mr. Stone has proved himself so truly the friend of the negro, both on Dunleith plantation and in his spoken and printed utterances, that it seems to me only fair that when his attitude is, however unintentionally, misrepresented, some corrective statement should be made. W. G. LELAND.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON,
January 27, 1906.

Notes.

Persons having letters of important bearing upon the life and work of George Bancroft, the historian, are requested to communicate with M. A. DeWolfe Howe, 26

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Brimmer Street, Boston. Originals will be carefully copied and returned. The Bancroft family have placed in Mr. Howe's hands all the collected biographical material for an authoritative Life and Letters.

Macmillan Co.'s spring announcements embrace 'Napoleon and his Times,' in the Cambridge Modern History Series; the second part of Thomas Hardy's drama, "The Dynasts"; Stephen Phillips's new play, "Nero"; 'The Development of Shakspere as a Dramatist,' by Prof. Geo. P. Baker; a 'Life of John Wesley,' by Prof. C. T. Winchester; 'The Cyclopædia of American Agriculture,' edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey; 'Tarry-at-Home Travels,' by Edward Everett Hale, with illustrations; 'Mars and its Canals,' by Percival Lowell; 'Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony,' by Prof. Domenico Mazzotto; 'The Manufacture of Wine,' by Paul Pacottet; and 'India,' by Flora Annie Steel.

'Great-Grandma's Looking-Glass,' a poem by Blanche Nevin, with full-page silhouettes by Annis Dunbar Jenkins, is announced by Robert Grier Cooke.

A slavish following of our practice of letting the name of the English publisher of an English book precede that of the American led us, in the title-page caption to our recent notice of Miliukoff's 'Russia and its Crisis,' to imply that the Chicago University Press was not the original publisher. Our attention has been called to this by the Press. The book-buyer may have no quarrel with us, but the bibliographer has grounds for one.

In a notice of the 'Further Recollections of a Diplomatist,' by Sir Horace Rumbold, we indicated the probability of another volume to complete the series, and it has now appeared under the title of 'Final Recollections of a Diplomatist' (London: Edward Arnold). The story of diplomatic life is brought down from 1885 to 1900, and covers Sir Horace's experiences at Athens, The Hague, and Vienna. His account of these courts and of the leading personages attached to them is mildly interesting, but leaves the impression that diplomats have very little to do except attend balls and other social gatherings. Possibly it was an excessive interest in these serious matters that delayed Sir Horace's diplomatic promotion, or it may have been a suspected incapacity for the lighter labors of diplomacy. Whatever the cause of this delay, Sir Horace considers that his merits were not properly appreciated by the Foreign Office, and he winds up his story with another grievance—that a retired diplomat is nobody at all.

"Ci git Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien."

Another book of "water-colors and pen-and-ink sketches in India," which is remarkable more for the pictures than the print, lies before us, 'The High-Road of Empire,' by A. H. Hallam Murray (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It recalls agreeable memories to one who has travelled in that country, and contains chiefly pictures of well-known places such as the bathing-ghats of Benares, views of Agra, etc. Less familiar are the Bijapur sketches and views of Jodhpur. The aged author relates that he was easily able to leap across a stream ten feet wide—a somewhat unusual effect of the enervating climate of India. The text is pleasant, gossipy talk, with a due modicum of history and archæology.

The 'Memoirs of Catharine Grace Loch,' Senior Lady Superintendent of the Royal Red Cross in India, edited by A. F. Bradshaw, M.A., with an introduction by Lord Roberts (Henry Frowde), is a tribute to a cheery and brave soldier of the cross, who united executive ability with the "faculty of inspiring affection," as the editor says. She was a pioneer in the excellent work done for the soldiers of the crown in India, and her premature death after a few years of service left vacant a post difficult to fill. The memoir is largely autobiographical, being drawn from her letters and diary, and gives a very real picture of the conditions under which the work was carried on, as well as an insight into the noble character of this modest heroine of peace.

The fifth volume of the translation of Jātakas, begun under the editorship of the late Professor Cowell (Cambridge, Eng., University Press; New York: Macmillan), will be welcomed by all students of folk-lore to whom the original text is a closed book. The present translation is by H. T. Francis, who did part of the translation for the third volume in the same series. R. A. Neil, who assisted Mr. Francis in the former translation, died in 1901, leaving the whole burden upon the shoulders of the latter scholar. This accounts for the long delay in the appearance of the fifth volume, which includes books xvi.-xxi. (Jātakas 511-537), bringing the translation up to the end of the same volume of the text. The latter appeared in 1891. Another volume will see the whole excellent work completed.

The article of greatest general interest in the *Geographical Journal* for January is the Rev. Walter Weston's account of his travels in the Southern Japanese Alps. His descriptions of the wonderful scenery are illustrated by some remarkably fine reproductions of photographs. Of the peasantry he says that their simple, unaffected politeness and kindly hospitality leave the most delightful memories behind, while their honesty is demonstrated by the fact that in fourteen journeys among them he has been robbed but once. He had frequent opportunities of observing how their habits of life prepared them for the hardships and privations of the Mantchurian campaigns, as well as developed self-restraint, patience and resourcefulness. Their social organization is extraordinary, each village headman having a rough map of his district and being able to furnish the minutest information of the circumstances of any given family. What their powers of endurance are may be gathered from the statement that in Kofu, one of their most progressive towns, some of the silk filatures employ several hundred persons, chiefly young girls, whose hours are said to be fifteen per day, without a break for meals, or even a Sunday holiday, and this continues all the year round, with the exception of two months in the winter. The exploration of the Beaufort Sea, lying to the north of Alaska, is advocated by Sir C. R. Markham. It is the least-known part of the Arctic region, and the hoped-for discovery of land on the edge of the polar sea would solve an interesting geographical problem. The account of canal irrigation in the Punjab shows a wonderful achievement. On a tract three times as large as Rhode Island, which a few years ago was an uninhabited waste used only for grazing, are now raised annually crops mainly of wheat, oil seed, and cotton valued at $20,000,000. The paper read by Prof. W. M. Davis at the Johannesburg session of the British Association, entitled "The Geographical Cycle in an Arid Climate," is a study of the phenomena presented by the deserts of the world.

The report of the Librarian of Congress shows the Copyright Office up to date in the handling of its vast business, so profitable to the Government in cash profits and in the books and other articles secured for the Library. The Manuscripts Division has outgrown its cabinets, which must be doubled. Apropos of the recent acquisition of some Franklin Pierce papers, it is stated that "in 1901 the Library possessed the papers of no President of the United States. It now holds the papers of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, and Johnson. Breckinridge and Crittenden papers mark a notable increase in the Southern collections. In literary MSS., the Library is defective. The St. Louis Exposition contributed handsomely of its spoils to the Library, by international comity, as usual. Two appendices are given up to lists of prints from the Chalcographie du Louvre and of facsimiles of copper and wood-engraving of the old masters from the German Reichsdruckerei—more comity. The Librarian states that an international agreement on the subject of cataloguing is almost in sight.

It is a reasonable inference from the care lavished upon its catalogue to the ideals and standards of a publishing-house. The 'Portrait Catalogue' just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is a more than fair example of the work of the Riverside Press, and is a desirable possession in itself. It is not the first of its class put forth by this firm, but it stands at the head in point of beauty of manufacture, without and within. The title-page alone is enough to stamp the quality of the Riverside bookmakers. It is beautifully invented. The portraits, domestic and foreign, are very numerous, and there is a brief history of the firm, with accounts of the several departments. The evolution of the title-page device is curiously illustrated at the close. The "Riverside" has been completely eliminated from Vedder's original conception.

Berlin papers report the establishment of a German-American literary "Vermittlungs-Bureau," called "The European Literary Bureau," with headquarters in Berlin W., Motzstrasse 41. This establishment represents American book and periodical publishers, and has for its special purpose to act as an agent between American and German publishers. Even in cases where it cannot undertake the handling of manuscripts, it aims to secure the rights of German authors and publishers in the United States, taking advantage of the law passed March 3, 1905. The bureau has also dealings with English and German theatres, and undertakes to handle plays in either country. Financially, it derives its support from the American participants, so that German authors and publishers are put to no expense if one of their books or theatrical plays is reproduced in this country.

In order to assist impecunious students in working their way through the univers-

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ity. *Arbeitsämter* have been established, not by the university authorities, but by volunteer students' associations, in all the leading university towns of Germany. They offer to students of all nationalities and religions the opportunity of earning money by tutoring or becoming *Hauslehrer*, by assisting in collecting data for scientific researches, excerpting and transcribing documents, preparing indices, proof-reading, and the like. The services are free of cost to all applicants, and are rendered by volunteers from the 'students' associations.

According to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the philosophical faculty of Giessen has decided henceforth to issue its diplomas in the German and no longer in the Latin language. We believe this is the first instance of such an innovation by a German university faculty. The *Zeitung* expresses the hope that the bombastic exaggeration which the doctor diplomas inherited with the Latin will also be discarded; as nowadays the average doctor is anything but a *vir doctissimus*. With this change another piece of mediæval *Zopf* in academic life becomes a thing of the past.

A report comes from Rome that the Central Commission for Antiquities and Fine Arts, by a vote of seven to four, has decided to take up for serious deliberation the proposal of Professor Waldstein to establish an international association for the purpose of engaging in the excavation of Herculaneum.

In the *Mitteilungen* of the German Orient-Gesellschaft, the leader of the German expedition, Dr. Koldewey, reports a discovery of great importance for the topography of the city of Babylon, and for the location of the castle of Nebuchadnezzar. This is the famous Arachtu canal, so often mentioned in the inscriptions. News is also given of the work only recently undertaken by the Society in examining the ruins of synagogues in Galilee, in charge of the three savants, Kohl, Watzinger, and Hiller. A work is thus for the first time being done that Ernest Renan so warmly pleaded for more than forty years ago, as these synagogues are of great importance from the standpoint of architecture and the development of civilization in Palestine. How urgent the undertaking was, may be judged from the fact that a number of such sites, reported only a few years ago by various travellers, have now entirely disappeared, and the commission could report on only eleven remains, but all instructive specimens of their kind.

The Protestant College at Beirut, Syria, is remarkable among similar institutions for several reasons. Founded thirty-nine years ago by Dr. Bliss, with three rooms and ten students, it has now, says a writer in the *Churchman*, numerous and spacious buildings costing half a million dollars, and 736 students. The number would be much larger, many applicants for admission being refused, if it had funds for more land, buildings, books, and apparatus. Seven-tenths of the cost of instruction is borne by the students themselves. Its cosmopolitan character is shown by the fact that thirteen nationalities are represented in it, and, all race prejudices being laid aside, are working harmoniously together. In the preparatory department, English is taught, as it is the medium of instruction in the Schools of Commerce, Medicine, Biblical Archæology, and Philology, though Arabic, Turkish, French, and German are taught also. The distinguishing characteristic, however, is the catholic spirit with which the college is administered, so that the members of twelve distinct churches or religious bodies are to be found in it. Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, it is independent of the missionary organization of any church, being one of the leaders in practical federation, welcoming and finding the coöperation of all.

Mr. Ellsworth Huntington, the American traveller, well known for his remarkable journey through the Great Cañon of the Euphrates, is engaged, together with another American, Mr. R. L. Barrett, in an exploration of the Tarim Basin in Chinese Turkestan. From a dispatch summarized in the London *Times*, we gather that the summer and early fall of 1905 were spent in studying the river system in the southern part of this region, with a view to supplementing the work of Dr. Sven Hedin in elucidating its physical history. The resemblance of the basin, with its sand waves, huge shingle beach, and green tide-flats, to an inland sea is striking, and, but for the absence of water, it would be a genuine Mediterranean. The ruins of ancient villages were found to be considerably more numerous and to cover a much larger area than had been expected. Three new sites were discovered, of which the farthest in the desert must have been once the centre of a large agricultural population. The abandonment of these places was due, according to local tradition, to the failure of the water supply, which, if correct, would indicate the gradual desiccation of Central Asia in historic times. This winter Mr. Huntington proposes to study the Lop Nor region, and in the spring to visit the curious Turfan depression to the north.

The statement, made in this journal several years ago, that, since the introduction of tables and chairs, systematic physical training for all, improved diet, etc., in Japanese schools, the legs of the new generation had lengthened a half-inch, was challenged. The proofs that the Japanese are growing taller are ample, as shown by the reports of the army surgeons, who in 1892 examined 348,337 men applying for enlistment, and in 1902 431,093 men. At the former date, the number in stature below 5 feet was 20.17 per cent.; in 1902 the percentage had fallen to 16.20; and that of men below 5.2 feet, from 37.93 to 36.07. Between the same dates the percentages were, of men 5.4 feet and over, 10.06 and 12.67; and of men between 5.2 and 5.4 feet, respectively, 31.84 and 35.06. The change of the national fashion from sitting, often for many hours, on hams and heels to chairs, and the introduction of habits of physical exercise for all classes during the growing period, dates from 1870, when the first of the 1,200 or more American and other foreign teachers began the modern system of education in Japan. Enlarged data on this point will be among the results of Japan's putting a million of men in arms during the struggle with Russia.

—The edition of 'The Poetical Works of William Blake,' which has been prepared for the Clarendon Press (H. Frowde) by Mr. John Sampson, is, in point of laborious research and painstaking arrangement, one of the most admirable pieces of editing that we have lately seen. The text of Blake's poetry, owing to his peculiar method of publishing, or not publishing, is of a special complication, and the matter has not been greatly helped by the proneness of previous editors to evade rather than master difficulties, and to make Blake write what they think he ought to have written rather than what he actually did write. Mr. Sampson preserves for the first time the integrity of the sources. He gives the poems in the Rossetti MS., the Pickering MS., etc., each in a group by itself instead of lumping them under the customary but quite arbitrary title, "Ideas of Good and Evil"; and what is more important, he prints Blake *verbatim et literatim*. We find, for example, many curious bits of spelling, capitalization, and punctuation like

"Tyger! Tyger! burning bright."

that greatly enhance the weirdness and intensity of Blake's intense and weird imagination. The very copious bibliographical and textual notes which underrun the text are, perhaps, too minute and elaborate to be of service to any but the most devoted student, but Mr. Sampson's happy thought of printing in footnotes passages from the Prophetic Books illustrating the symbolism of the poems, will be helpful and suggestive to the less thoroughgoing amateurs of Blake. For a volume so intricate in substance, the book is uncommonly pleasant in typography. We have noted but a single slip, and that a pardonable and not unengaging one. On p. 76, a certain copy of the 'Songs of Innocence' is said to be in the possession of a fortunate gentleman residing in "Providence, N. Y."

—Since the appearance of Greenough and Kittredge's 'Words and their Ways,' we have met with no book of comparable scope so solid and so suggestive as Prof. Otto Jespersen's new work on the 'Growth and Structure of the English Language' (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner), or so likely to realize the Copenhagen scholar's ideal of profit at once to the layman and "the expert philologist." To the technical reviewers, very likely, chapter iv., "The Scandinavians," will prove most attractive, since it organizes, critically, the conclusions of such investigators as Björkman, Flom, and Brate, and, altogether, puts a new construction on Scandinavian influence in Old and Middle English. To the layman may be recommended especially chapters i. and ix. Chapter i. is "a rapid sketch of the language of our own days," as it strikes a foreigner—"a foreigner who has devoted much time to the study of English, but who feels that, in spite of all his efforts, he is only able to look at it as a foreigner does, and not exactly as a native would." Judged by the style of his book, Mr. Jespersen's sense for English idiom is not to be sneezed at. Yet, rating that sense at less than its actual value, and granting to the native the Dane's unusual linguistic training, we must still credit the "foreigner" with an immense superiority of perspective when it comes to a general characterization of our language. In comparison with other tongues, English, in its system of sounds, its rhymes, its concision, sobriety and restraint, its cadences, its sparing use of diminutives, its direct word-order, seems to Mr. Jespersen "posi-

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tively and expressly *masculine*"; "it is the language of a grown-up man, and has very little childish or feminine about it." In chapter ix. the time-honored statistics on the comparative richness of the vocabularies of Shakspere, Milton, and the day-laborer get a salutary shaking up, somewhat to the advantage of Milton and the day-laborer, and without injury to Shakspere. "It is easy," we read on page 214, "to prove that [Milton's] vocabulary really contained many more than the 8,000 words found in a Concordance to his poetical works. We have only to take any page of his prose writings, and we shall meet with a great many words not in the Concordance. The greatness of Shakspere's mind is . . . not shown by the fact that he was acquainted with 20,000 words, but by the fact that he wrote about so great a variety of subjects and touched upon so many human . . . relations that he needed this number of words." The whole book is full of interest.

—Mr. E. E. Soderholz, whose name is well known in connection with studies of the "Old Colonial" architecture in the United States, has illustrated, with the help of "others," a book on 'The Country House,' by Charles Edward Hooper (Doubleday, Page & Co.). It is not unfair to treat the illustrations as the most striking and suggestive part of such a book, although one is left wondering whether the selection of subjects and the judicious taking of negatives from them is "illustration" in any accepted sense. Here are an enormous number of really admirable details of existing houses —stairs, fireplaces, verandas, bay-windows, door-pieces, and the like, with, moreover, some scores of exterior views, generally with plans to match; and again views of outbuildings and of gardens and garden-houses, *perrons*, studies of rock-work, and the like. In short, here is a perfect iconographic encyclopædia of house-building and decorating; and even the end papers or linings of the volume are treated with photographic views—with two large landscape photographs showing in each case a pergola with vines, and such other accessories as a large formal garden might present. The text is a serious analytic study, in which, for instance (chapter vi.), "Windows and Window Motives" are considered—the structure of the window sash and frame, its setting in the wall of the house, its modification and extension into the bay window, the oriel, and the like; all very intelligent and sufficiently complete. And in connection with this, another word about the illustrations seems in order—the unusual and really charming character of many of the subjects chosen. It is not to-day only that we note the easy superiority in the American community of simple domestic building and its appliances over the big and formal architecture of the state-house and court-house, the bank and the city mansion; but such a round bay window as that shown on page 109, and such a combination of porch and "Palladian [*i. e.*, Venetian] window" as we find on page 105, would at once recommend the book to the student. It is a small quarto in shape and appearance, containing 330 pages and at least 350 pictures.

—On the great subject of Shinto, the indigenous religion of the Japanese, Mr. Ernest Satow, formerly student-interpreter in Japan and now British minister in Pekin, wrote abundantly with profound scholarship, acknowledging at the close of his labors that the last word had not been said on Shinto, being himself uncertain as to its indigenous origin. Chamberlain suggested that its mythology of the Kojiki, or Book of Origins, had been inspired by Chinese legends, but neither professed to employ the comparative method, though Satow advised it. Happily for scholarship, one who has studied Shinto not only in its literary monuments and in the interpretations of aliens, but who has dwelt long on the soil and made direct and profound observations, has taken up the task, and part of his work is now in print. 'Le Shinntoisme,' by Michel Revon (Paris: Ernest Leroux), is a work of original research, in which the author, applying the theory of evolution and the comparative method, arrives at some results, scientific, original, and very important. So far from having its deepest roots in Chinese soil, as some have thought, Revon has demonstrated that the God Way is a spontaneous religion, and in most respects similar to all the other primitive religions, that the mythology of the Kojiki (now accessible in English and German) is autochthonic, and that the magic and myths of Shinto are connected with the oceanic religions. Dr. Revon was for a decade professor in the faculty of law in Tokio, and is now in charge of the course of history of the civilizations of the Far East at the University of Paris. His works on Hokusai (in French) and on the Flora of Nippon Archipelago (in Latin), and his monographs on modern Japan and on Japanese civilization, beside his text and copious references to authorities, show a keen observer as well as a student of the first books of importance treating of the Malay, Chinese, and Japanese worlds. He is well able to criticise those native scholars, like Hirata and Mabuchi, whose fanatical patriotism and anti-Chinese bias so often mar the conclusions of their genuine scholarship. Revon is possibly the first author in print, though not the first thinker on the subject, who has wondered how the very numerous oceanic myths of the primitive Japanese could be correlated to Chinese outlook and fancy. The Kojiki stories of origins are very largely those of the "blue plain of the sea" and of lands beyond the waves. Revon has shown clearly that these are allied to Malay lore. Complete demonstration of derivation from Malay origins may be given in the succeeding portions of this interesting study. Most fascinating is the author's notice of the many interesting survivals in popular customs. He demonstrates that phallicism was an organic part of the primitive Shinto system. This is the ablest contribution in recent years to the study of a religion which has struck its roots more deeply into the Japanese soul and national system than any imported from the Continent.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

On Two Continents: Memories of Half a Century. By Marie Hansen Taylor. With the Coöperation of Lilian Bayard Taylor Kiliani. Illustrated from Contemporary Portraits and Paintings by Bayard Taylor. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905. Pp. xi., 309.

Few echoes of the recent past will be more acceptable to the student of American literature than this unpretentious volume of reminiscence, recalling the portly form, the winning voice and the restless activity of Bayard Taylor. In simple, direct narrative as charming as that of Andersen in 'The Story of My Life,' Mrs. Taylor tells of her childhood in the old town of Gotha, in "a by-gone time" when court-ladies sat knitting their stockings by the faint light of a candle-dip, and a young girl was thought clever if she but learned to keep house, acquired a smattering of French, said little in company, and never looked wise. Mrs. Taylor's father was the eminent astronomer, Peter Andreas Hansen, declared by Simon Newcomb "the greatest master of celestial mechanics since Laplace"; and, as affectionately sketched by his daughter, we see him stealing away from his young wife at a ball to solve an abstract problem, and forgetting to return, or surprised in his dressing-gown and slippers by a party of fashionable duchesses. From this typical, secluded German circle, the young girl set out on her first trip to Rome, and there, under the guidance of her uncle, Emil Braun, the archæologist, a friend of the Brownings, she revelled in the Eternal City of Goethe, with its "walking Caryatids," until she found "the home of her soul."

Returning to Germany, Marie Hansen met Bayard Taylor first in 1851, on his way back from the Orient, where he had fallen in with her uncle, Bufleb, on the Nile. Beneath the starry skies of Egypt the affectionate German told the traveller of his niece at home, and she in turn learned from her uncle how the wandering American was seeking to recover from the loss of his first love, to whom he had been wedded but shortly before her death. Five years later, Taylor reëntered the little cottage provided especially for him at Gotha; but "as he did not know how to carry on a courtship," his relations to the German maiden "remained on a footing of simple friendship." The winter of 1856-7 found Taylor in Sweden and Lapland, but in the budding month of May he came back to Thuringia, and a few days afterward he and Marie Hansen were engaged. A trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun postponed the marriage in Castle Friedenstein until September 27, 1857, when, through Taylor's wit, the court *Prediger* proclaimed him "Landowner and Citizen of the United States," and then the young couple made a visit to London and a tour of Greece. In the following summer they returned to Gotha to reside until their only child, Lilian, was born, and two months later all three sailed for the New World.

The story of Mrs. Taylor's early experiences in America, told with rare candor and engaging modesty, presents her as a large-hearted, affectionate, patriotic woman, tactfully adapting herself to the new environment among her Quaker relatives in the home of Penn. Journeying from New York to Wilmington by rail, and thence fourteen miles by buckboard over rough roads to Kennett Square, Bayard Taylor and his family were welcomed to a table laden with ham, roast-beef, vegetables, preserves, and pie, all crowded together; and, after glorious autumnal days, Mrs. Taylor decorated the first Christmas tree set up in that part of America. Now and then the plucky wife accompanied her

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husband on his lecturing tours, in 1859 going even to California by way of the Isthmus, a perilous but "wonderfully beautiful voyage"; and, again, she remained alone courageously long weeks at home, while the overworked lecturer toured the sparsely-settled country. The civil war, too, stirred her inmost soul; she led the women of her neighborhood in preparing supplies for the soldiers, she guarded her home from marauders incensed by Taylor's connection with the *Tribune*, and she ventured with her husband, in his capacity as war correspondent, almost on the field of battle. Vivid and full of local color are the letters of the young wife to her anxious relatives on the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, and the assassination of Lincoln; and equally absorbing are the tidings of the great struggle between Germany and Austria sent by the aged parents from Gotha, to the borders of whose township the theatre of European war had changed. The decisive move at Königgrätz, and the beginning of Bismarck's brilliant career, showed Mrs. Taylor how thoroughly German she had remained; while the tremendous victory of the Germans in their life-and-death struggle with the French was celebrated by the poet as well.

All in all, however, the years passed pleasantly with the Taylors in their new and spacious "Cedarcroft," designed and erected by Taylor near the scene of his birth and amid the staid old Quakers, whose sterling merits both the alien Bayard and his German wife appreciated. Of modest tastes, Taylor's chief extravagance was books, pictures, flowers, and an overpowering hospitality that brought guests from near and far and kept them for weeks, not to mention the neighbors who tarried so long under the welcoming roof that there was nothing else to do but to put them to bed! Taylor came to number Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and Alice and Phœbe Cary among his friends and guests, and other Americans whom he often entertained at "Cedarcroft" were Putnam and Fields, his loyal publishers; Willis, his early patron; Mrs. Botta and Susan Warner, the eloquent young Curtis, Boker and Furness, the steadfast Greeley and his eccentric wife, Edwin Booth, Aldrich, Bret Harte and McEntee, J. L. Graham, Sidney Lanier, Stedman and Stoddard, who called the company of poets, artists, and authors thus gathered together "a nest of singing-birds." In the meanwhile, Taylor and his wife crossed and recrossed the ocean, now spending a night with Tennyson at Farringford, then sleeping in the room occupied by Goethe at Ilmenau, and again enjoying the hospitality of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and so came in contact with many representative Europeans. These chance acquaintances or more enduring friendships afford the author studies of the Poet-Laureate, the Brownings, Wolf von Goethe, Thackeray, Rückert, Barry Cornwall, Swinburne, Garibaldi, Freytag, Bismarck, Auerbach, Karl Witte, Preller, Tupper, Schiller's grandson (Von Gleichen), Lord Beaconsfield, and Alexander von Humboldt, who told Taylor that he would politely try to live until he should see the daughter of Hansen! Once Taylor went to St. Petersburg as *chargé-d'affaires*, assured that, upon the retirement of Mr. Cameron, he should be given the post of minister, and there are spicy recollections of court life among the affable Russian nobility, the cordiality of the British Ambassador, Lord Napier, and his wife, who studiously avoided any reference to the War of the Rebellion, and the marked coldness of the German legation. "If I had been an American born," says Mrs. Taylor, "the diplomatic corps would have approved of me to a greater degree; but as a German, and not of the nobility, I was a stumbling-block in their path which could not be ignored on account of my husband's official position." On the strange conduct of Secretary Seward, however, in promising Taylor the mission to Persia, and then leaving him to wait for months in Europe while Lincoln thought that he was at the court of the Shah, Mrs. Taylor throws no new light, probably because nothing further is or ever will be known in the matter.

Time, reverses, and toil worked a baneful influence on Taylor's dreamy and hopeful nature; little by little "Cedarcroft" proved a greater burden than even his broad shoulders could bear; and, to the sorrow of many, the poet and his wife bade good-bye to the pleasures of country life, and began that restless existence in the grinding metropolis which was later to hurry Taylor so swiftly to his fate. "We made mistakes," says Mrs. Taylor, referring to their venture at Kennett Square, "that we were afterward obliged to atone for as the way of the world demands. And yet, what mattered it in the end! If men and women can be happy, we certainly were." "The heavy burden of journalistic slavery dropped from Taylor's shoulders" when he became Minister to Germany, "but other demands were made upon his strength which were by no means salutary." Entering upon his high office when already stricken with a fatal disease, Taylor hastened his death by devotion to General Grant, who was then touring the world and had reached Berlin. In the Prussian capital, on December 19, 1878, Bayard Taylor breathed his last.

Taylor's personality, as portrayed by his wife, is natural and attractive. He is affectionate to his kin, taking his brothers and sisters and parents to Europe, and selling a share of *Tribune* stock to equip his younger brother for a captaincy in the Union army, and he is devoted and tender as a husband and father, playfully giving his wife a watch hidden in a hat-box, and writing to his little daughter rare descriptions of Indians and "back-woods" natives met with on his lecturing tours. His wit and humor come to his aid when beset by bores, whom he coughs away, intimating the prevalence of a contagious disease; his patriotism is evidenced by the defence of country and home; and the veil is partially lifted from his real religious views, the evolution of which had been but intimated in his poetry. He is *par excellence* a linguist, delighting the Czar by his rapid acquisition of Russian; he works prodigiously at prose, wearing himself out in the service of the *Tribune*; as a lecturer he is "not a born orator, but has adapted himself to the profitable temporary profession because it is demanded of him"; he sketches the Acropolis and the canals of Venice, sets up a studio at Rome or whiles away Sundays in the country painting the beauties of hedge or lawn; while as a poet with ideals as high as those of "*Deukalion*, a type far superior to all other men," he displays facility in both English and German, writing sixteen stanzas of "St. John" at a sitting, and translating six lyrical poems as part of a long review of two volumes of Hugo made in a single afternoon and evening. With all his poetic spirit, however, he is dominated for some time by a former task; he chafes under the restlessness of American life, and he cannot talk to others of his ideas until they have ripened into form. Little by little we see the "Faust" taking shape in English, a "heart-rending, but fascinating" toil, the poet making "innumerable drafts of the Song of the Spirits" alone, while his gifted wife follows with the original before her eyes; his tribute "An Goethe" is submitted for criticism to Gustav Freytag, who finds it "cast in a single mould of true German spirit and German feeling, and needing no improvement." We are sadly conscious of the peculiar gifts which Taylor possessed for a Goethe-Schiller biography, and the facilities—unequalled at that time—assured him by the Duke of Weimar and the scholars of Germany; and we see only too well that, had he settled down to that great work and said nay to the Muse that "came, returned, and would take no denial," we might to-day boast a sympathetic interpretation of the Weimar Duumvirate such as graces no literature.

Nearly half a century of stirring life passes along these 'Two Continents' of Mrs. Taylor, illustrated by the unique portraits of Taylor, Hansen, and Bismarck, and annotated with clever translations by the poet's daughter; and yet it would be delightful to hear more of Taylor's wooing, to know Marie Hansen's part in his literary development and in his masterpiece, the "Faust," and to gaze longer at the bedside of the poet expiring in a foreign land. There is also less about Longfellow and his friendship with Taylor than might be expected, there is no mention of Lowell, nor is there any reference to Taylor's lecture in German on American literature at Weimar, where the story of an eye-witness would be very acceptable. But the volume brings much that is new, and what was previously known has been well retold. There is, in general, a wise discrimination as to content, and the whole work shows the value of that lost art—the keeping of a diary.

THE FIRST EARL OF DUDLEY.

Letters to "Ivy," from the First Earl of Dudley. By S. H. Romilly. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

John William Ward, first Earl of Dudley, escaped greatness by so narrow a margin as vividly to recall Dryden's line regarding the close alliance between genius and madness. Unlike the Earl of Peterborough, whose brilliant successes during the War of the Spanish Succession took England by storm, he was neither a soldier nor a man of abnormally energetic temperament. The affliction which clouded his life and almost nullified his extraordinary gifts, was an undue sensitiveness of temperament arising from an organic cause in malformation of the brain. Otherwise, he possessed almost every advantage of rank, intellect, and character. He had high birth, great wealth,

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noble aims, great intellectual acquirements and power of application. Nothing but uncertain health and the same sort of fastidiousness which baffled Lord Acton seems to have stood in his way. Had the gods who gave him so much but given a little more, he might have vied in politics or literature with almost any of his contemporaries.

Such, at least, is the impression one is bound to form of Ward's qualities from the statements which were made about him by those who were quite competent to appreciate his parts. Even the *Quarterly Review* and the *Edinburgh Review* could unite to praise him.

"Fulfilling Lord Bacon's grand recipe," says the *Quarterly*, "his reading made him full, his writing exact. His wit was prompt, sparkling, and epigrammatic; it was playful and indulgent, not, however, from weakness; it was the giant's strength which could afford to be generous. To all these qualities of the head was superadded a gentle and affectionate disposition, a freedom from pride and vanity, a simplicity of habits and tastes—in a word, all the striking features of that noblest of creations—a real English gentleman."

While the *Quarterly* could speak thus, Brougham in the *Edinburgh* was not to be outdone:

"He possessed one of the most acute and vigorous understandings that any man was ever armed with. His quickness was not accompanied with the least temerity; on the contrary, he was as sure as the slowest of mankind. His wit was of the brightest order, combining with the liveliest perception of remote resemblances and mere distinctions . . . all that nice relish of the ludicrous, especially in character, out of which perfect humor is engendered. . . . And it was none of the least enviable of his great qualities that, in union with all these endowments, and in spite of that fortune and station usually so inimical to laborious pursuits, he possessed the faculty of intense application, passing his life by preference in the study, and having acquired the habits of unremitting intellectual labor as completely as if he had been born a poor man, by necessity become a student, gifted with a slow understanding, and at once devoid of fancy and acuteness."

These words from the lips of his contemporaries will serve to give Lord Dudley his place among the élite of Englishmen during the age of Castlereagh and Canning. For the rest, it may be said that his temper was so fastidious that any literary remains saved from the wreckage of his life must awaken curiosity if they do not end in eliciting admiration. There is not even an oil portrait of him, and the one pencil drawing—that by Slater in the rooms of Grillion's Club—is said to have been crunched up, put in his pocket, and long supposed to have been destroyed. It shows an extremely refined and intellectual face, such as any artist might have been delighted to portray. It is true, there already exists in print a portion of Ward's correspondence with Bishop Copleston, his college tutor; but this collection of letters created a sense of disappointment from the formality of its tone and its failure to reveal the charm and power which the writer undoubtedly possessed.

"Than the first Martyr's Dudley's fate
Still harder must be owned;
Stephen was only stoned to death,
Ward has been Coplestoned."

Apropos of the foregoing epigram, Mr. Romilly observes: "This was certainly hard luck upon the man of whom no less an authority than Madame de Staël has said that 'he was the only man in England who really understood the art of conversation.' "

The "Ivy" of these letters was Mrs. Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh, in whose house Ward had lived for some time during his early years. Concerning Mrs. Stewart's personality little need be said here, save that she had a degree of attractiveness which made a host of eminent people her lasting friends. Sixteen years older than Ward, she had at first given him the affectionate care which, through his mother's neglect, he had never known at home. The whole correspondence is couched in a tone of familiarity blended with real deference, and is wholly unlike the stiffness of Ward's style in his correspondence with Copleston. It was long believed that Mrs. Stewart on her death-bed destroyed the whole of Ward's letters to her; but, though she probably did burn some of them, a great many were preserved, either in the original holograph or in a careful copy. Mr. Romilly, the present owner of them and also the editor of this volume, received them on the death of a relative who, as a child, had been brought up in Mrs. Stewart's family. It was only two years ago that chance led him to open the manuscripts and familiarize himself with their contents.

The correspondence here published runs parallel during the greater part of its course with the 'Creevy Papers,' and covers some of the ground traversed by the first volume of Greville. Ward was a far abler, more acute and more scholarly man than either of these contemporaries, and in his more detailed letters reaches a height to which neither of them attained. As an historical record, the main defect of the papers now printed by Mr. Romilly must be found in their disconnected and sporadic character. There are considerable breaks in the chronology, and no single topic is so fully illustrated by them as is the nature of Whig politics in the 'Creevy Papers.' Ward had an intellectual disinterestedness which kept him from becoming a party hack, and, though he ended his political career by being Foreign Secretary under Canning, he had passed through the stage of moderate Whiggism, and could even admire the genius of Napoleon without being in the least swayed by patriotic prejudice. For example, his letters from the Continent after the Emperor's first abdication are filled with cordial eulogy of the great public works carried out under Napoleon's care; and once, when Metternich asked him at dinner what he thought about Napoleon himself, the answer was: "Mon Prince, je ne suis pas militaire, mais il me semble qu'il a rendu la gloire passée douteuse, et la renommée future impossible." And, apropos of epigrams, to Ward may be ascribed more truly than to Lord John Russell the saying that the cant of patriotism is not so bad as the recant.

Although we find it impossible to make this notice include passages from Lord Dudley's letters which would give an adequate impression of their style, we must state that the book contains a good deal that would stand separation from the context. Ward's sub-satirical strain is very pleasant, for, without striving after effect, he can be witty, and his wit is not ill-natured. While far removed in both conception and manner from the 'Etchingham Letters,' the tone of Dudley's correspondence is not unlike the clever trifling one gets from Sir Frederick Pollock and Mrs. Fuller Maitland. Speaking broadly, one-third of the letters may be called unimportant, since they are but hasty notes illustrating merely the writer's filial affection for Mrs. Stewart. The other two-thirds consist of moderately long epistles—epistles, at any rate, which are long enough to disclose the nature of Ward's tastes and mind. The representative passages that we are unable to cite, include a remarkable scene between Ward and Lady Caroline Lamb (pp. 95-98), the whole series of letters from Italy and France (pp. 262-301), and the appreciation of Canning (pp. 325-328). So far as the architecture of a house can be represented by a single brick, the following paragraph regarding Sir James Mackintosh may be called a fair sample:

"Mackintosh is here on his way to Switzerland. I spent a very pleasant evening yesterday with him and Constant. He is, in truth, a most delightful creature. If I were a king, I should make an office for him in which it should be his duty to talk to me two or three hours a day, and then if my queen offended me, I would send Lady M. to talk for an equal time to her. He should fill my head with all sorts of knowledge, but, out of the great love I should bear towards my subjects, I would resolve never to take his advice about anything. He has got Rogers with him, who, as you know, has published a new poem entitled 'Jacqueline,' for which Murray has been goose enough to give him a guinea a line. But then 'Lara' precedes it, and I suppose he has been obliged to buy the lean rabbit along with the fat one, according to ancient usage."*

In short, the interest attaching to these letters is much greater than that belonging to the average volume of eighteenth-century correspondence, and, quite apart from their service in recalling the memory of an extraordinary man, they bring us much nearer to Dudley himself than do any of his other writings.

Russia. By Théophile Gautier, and by Other Distinguished French Travellers and Writers of Note. Translated from the French, with an additional chapter upon the struggle for supremacy in the Far East, by Florence MacIntyre Tyson. Illustrated by numerous photogravures. In two volumes. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Press. 1905.

Théophile Gautier's work is too well known in the former editions which have presented it to the English-reading public during its already fairly long life, to require detailed notice. In general, it may be said that it stands the test of time wonderfully well; and while minor details of custom or costume have changed in recent years, it seems destined, on its sterling merits, to preserve a perennial freshness and charm. No one has ever described more poetically, with more exquisite imagery, the aspects of nature in Russia, and Gautier's sympathy is of immense value in keeping his mental compass true. Occasionally he seems inclined to generalize on insufficient grounds; occasionally, also, he imagines facts as to which any Russian could have set him right

*Rogers and Ward were not good friends. Ward condemned 'Columbus' in the *Quarterly*, and Rogers retaliated by launching the well-known epigram:

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

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had he thought of mentioning them in time. For instance, in describing the church ceremony (which precedes the Blessing of the Neva on Epiphany Day), in the Winter Palace cathedral, he asserts that from the gallery he beheld "the Emperor and the Imperial Family in the sanctuary whenever the Holy Doors in the ikonostasis were opened." This is absolutely impossible, as under no circumstances are women, even of the reigning family, allowed in the sanctuary. The persons thus seen were, probably, assisting priests, and if the Imperial family were not standing in plain sight, twenty feet in front of the ikonostasis, they were absent, in the Imperial withdrawing-room on the right; or the Empress (it was in the reign of Alexander II.) was in the glass box below the gallery, which was specially constructed for her in her invalid years. Either Gautier or the translator confusingly substitutes "Eastern" for "Western" in the elaborate description of St. Isaac. He errs, also, when he states that the Eastern ritual requires all four sides of a church to be exactly alike; and in some other points. Probably the "Romanoff" monastery referred to, near Moscow, should read "Simeonoff," and is a translator's mistake.

In order to furnish a sort of compendium on Russia, various chapters have been added. "The Mir, the Rural Commune," by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, is too classic an authority as to conditions at the time it was written to require anything but bare mention. "The Russian Army and Navy" (author not named) represents matters previous to recent disasters, including the attribution of Grand Duke Alexis to the general command. "Religions and Sects." by Gustave Lejeal, is an attempt to sum up the entire question, and contains some extraordinary statements. Speaking of the Greek Church, he says: "She refuses to admit the creed of the Council of Nice," meaning that the Eastern Church does not admit to its creed the *filioque* clause, and being obviously ignorant that that is precisely the form in which the Council of Nicæa established it. A little later on he alludes to nine slight differences between the Greek and Russian Church customs, and omits to mention that, so far as Russia is concerned, many of these points refer only to the Church previous to Nikon's reforms, though he does mention Nikon. Where, we wonder, in "the orthodox catechism" (which confines itself to spiritual matters) is the Tsar called "the curator and protector of the Church"? Bishops are said to have large revenues, which allow them "to hold with dignity their places in the best society"; but this is a gratuitous assumption, on the model of the Roman Church, for Russian bishops are supposed to abjure society and devote themselves to their diocesan affairs. In his description of the peculiar sects either M. Lejeal or the translator is responsible for the infelicitous statement (or construction): "There are even a few, fortunately, who think a child should be baptized and fed with his mother's blood"; which is calculated to exaggerate even the legitimately painful doctrine. In the same manner, Sutaieff's doctrine is made to read: "The kingdom of God must come below"—intended for "from within," possibly, or "from below." Just above (vol. ii., p. 193) a typographical error makes "samaboys" out of "samabogs" (self-gods). The most remarkable doctrinal statement of all, however, is connected with Count L. N. Tolstoy: "A new sect has been grafted upon one of the last works of this great writer, 'The Kreutzer Sonata.' Its adherents, people of wealth and learning, would abandon a brilliant position to give themselves up to manual labor." As a matter of fact, the preaching by Tolstoy and adoption by his "adepts" of the manual-labor doctrine long preceded the work named—which is devoted, by the way, to the enforcement of a totally different doctrine!

The section on "Literature" is furnished from the long-familiar works by M. Louis Léger and Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé, and deals only with the older writers, but is, of course, admirable, so far as it goes. "Russian Art," by M. Marius Vachon, is highly appreciative, but hardly competent in the department of architecture, which it assumes to present very fully. (Had the translator, by the way, either rendered the title of the famous old Kieff church, the "Dime," as "The Tithes," or left it its accented *i*, the effect would have been better as well as more intelligible.) M. Vachon relies too much on the pronouncements of Viollet-le-Duc, who was badly informed as to Russian origins and styles in general. Possibly the translator is responsible for "the worship [instead of "reverence"] of images"; and for "Palace of the Corners," as a title for the "Faceted Palace," correctly rendered in Gautier's work. Gautier, by the way, got very much mixed up over that, the Golden Chamber, the Great Palace of the Kremlin, and the Treasury, as well as over the situation of Napoleon's statue there, evidently trusting too much to a belated memory.

M. Jules Legras's book on 'Siberia' is incorporated, with great good judgment. It appeared about eight years ago, and deserves to be known. The translator's own concluding article, on "Russian Policy in the Far East," is brief but excellent. As to her rendering from the French of the various selections, we regret to say that, while it is, on the whole, extremely good, she too frequently loses touch with the idiomatic turns of both languages; and precisely because of its high degree of attainment in most respects, these blemishes are the more noticeable. "The so simple disposition we are fancying," "forcible" (for "perforce"), and "principal" (for "principle") will serve as specimens of this regrettable carelessness.

The illustrations are very numerous, very beautifully reproduced, and well chosen; but it would have been well worth while to have had them labelled by a person acquainted with the country. Rarely does a splendidly prepared work suffer so much in this respect. In volume i., the plate labelled "Tomb of Peter the Great" represents the canopied resting-place of some prelate of the Roman Church (in a Gothic cathedral), surrounded by statues of prelates with the pointed Roman mitre, cardinals' hats, coats of arms, and so forth. Peter the Great lies in a plain, slab-covered tomb, in a horribly rococo church. "The Church Imperial, St. Petersburg" is in reality the church of the great palace at Peterhof, twenty miles from the capital. "Place Sonbrinski, Moscow" is intended for "Place Lubianski." In volume ii., "Entrance to Kremlin from Chinese Town, Moscow" should read: "To Chinese Town from the White Town." "The War Department, St. Petersburg." represents one end of the Admiralty and neighboring buildings. "Assumption Cathedral and Ivan's Tower, Moscow," should read: "The Synod Church." "Poshkoff Museum, Moscow" arises from a confusion of names. It represents the Rumyantzoff Museum, formerly the residence of Mr. Pashkoff. The "Palace of Peter the Great, Moscow," offers a view of the wall, holy gate, and churches in the Novodievitche Convent, several miles from the Petrovsky Palace, which is intended; and the "Cathedral Interior," with its Gothic vaulting, pews, and unscreened altar, is unmistakably Roman Catholic, not Russian. The volumes are beautifully printed and bound.

George Bernard Shaw and his Plays. By Henry L. Mencken. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. 1905.

A great deal too much has been written about Mr. Shaw and his opinions, especially by himself. When the London theatres were making experiments with Ibsen's plays in the eighties, the vast majority of those who saw or read them were far from sure what the author was driving at. But Ibsen was a reserved person, who either did not know or neglected the uses of self-advertisement. Mr. Shaw, no doubt, realized from such an example that if you let discussion languish, the intelligent will simply absorb and give out your theories again in a more popular form without any thanks to you, while the general public will regard your name as a synonym of the suspiciously obscure. The author of the 'Quintessence of Ibsenism' did his best to prove that Ibsen had a persistent purpose (which, however, remains doubtful, since Ibsen himself seems inclined to smile at the assertion that he has always used his plays to expound his social philosophy). But Ibsen, at any rate, kept carefully in the background. He challenged outworn ideals, and showed us situations in which happiness depended on giving them up and following the lead of one's own individuality. For Mr. Shaw, an ideal *qua* ideal is a *bête noire*, except, indeed, the old classical ideal of the Perfect Man, who is no more likely nowadays to become real than when the Stoics dreamed of him. Ibsen has left his mark and made his disciples because he was in earnest, and because he did not stultify his own teaching by a wholesale condemnation of every convention and ideal that has been evolved by the human race. This Mr. Shaw does, and the iconoclastic spirit of youth would probably secure him disciples enough if he did not indulge the freakish irony which drives him to turn and laugh in the face of his admirers directly they try to formulate a Shavian doctrine. It is this excess of irony that shocks the French taste, and has made M. Filon, the critic and historian of the drama, refuse to see in Mr. Shaw's plays any real attempt to reform society; only that mania for tearing down fences and setting fire to commons which he has ascribed to one of his own characters. The fences are repaired, and

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the common grows up again all the greener, and there is an end.

Mr. Mencken, in this brief volume of about one hundred pages, attempts to do for Mr. Shaw what was done for Ibsen in the 'Quintessence of Ibsenism,' years ago. But it is not so easy to write a Quintessence of Shavianism unless one is ready, as Mr. Shaw was in his tract, to go all the way with one's subject, or even further, and to wring the quintessence out of him. This Mr. Mencken cannot do. What made the 'Quintessence' valuable was the peculiar equipment of Mr. Shaw for the task, just as George Meredith's 'Idea of Comedy' has become a classic because he himself was a master of the comic spirit. But the writer of the present volume does little more than give us a résumé of the plays and novels. The book is, in fact, intended for those who, after seeing a performance of "Man and Superman," are disinclined for the exertion of reading those plays that are not now being presented on the stage. The truth is, that the time has not yet arrived for a book on Mr. Shaw. Newspaper paragraphs answer the purpose where anything has been left unsaid by Mr. Shaw himself in his prefaces, or by the characters who are the mouthpiece of his opinions. Who can tell whether Mr. Shaw will ever settle down to the task of one who takes his reforms seriously, as a reformer must do unless he intends to create mere bewilderment? As little could the average Athenian appreciate what Socrates was driving at, or whether he would have any permanent place in the history of thought, as we can properly place Mr. Shaw. And Socrates was at least terribly in earnest, and was never tested by becoming the *enfant gâté* of the public. Moreover, Socrates had not been forced to suppress himself for years as a struggling journalist before he could let himself go as a social iconoclast.

It is not easy to interpret the plays of a playwright with a purpose. This fact the ingenious Mr. Verrall is once more demonstrating in his interpretations of the plays of Euripides. Mr. Mencken, however, rather describes than interprets, and his book will no doubt find grateful readers among Mr. Shaw's American audiences. What he means when he tells the playgoer that "Man and Superman" is "in purpose one with the 'Odyssey,'" we cannot imagine, for we had always thought that there was a purpose in the play, and there is none in the 'Odyssey,' save to delight the weary. Mr. Mencken says of "The Devil's Disciple" that, among the religious, only "a man given to constant self-analysis—the 999th man in the thousand" could appreciate it. This is probably an echo of Mr. Shaw's one realist in a thousand in the 'Quintessence.' But he was, of course, the thousandth man, not the 999th.

Mr. Mencken's English is rather too colloquial for elegance. "When Darwin bobbed up," "A young woman of money," "oldster" (a horrid analogous formation), are a few of his faults of style. Nor can we admire the tone of the biographical note. It is not in good taste to drag in a man's relatives as evidence of his private circumstances—at any rate, not until he is dead and has been handed over to his biographers for dissection. Of the Shaw family Mr. Mencken writes: "Its present head is Major Sir Frederick Shaw, Bart., D.S.O. of Bushey Park, Dublin. A respectable, well-sounding name and address." What has this to do with Mr. Shaw or his plays? Mr. Shaw has shown a rather indecent lack of reticence about his mother, but we might leave his cousins and uncles alone until he has put them, also, into a preface. In the introduction, Mr. Barrie's play is referred to as "*Agnes*-sit-by-the-fire"; Beerbohm is spelt Beer*h*ohm; Sudermann's play is more than once referred to as "Johnnisfeuer." The Berkeley Lyceum is not in Forty-fifth Street (p. 97).

A History of Egypt from the XIXth to the XXXth Dynasties. By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L., etc. With numerous illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. xx., 406.

Primitive Art in Egypt. By Jean Capart. Translated from the revised and augmented original edition by A. S. Griffith. With 208 illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 8vo, pp. xx., 304.

The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians. By Georg Steindorff, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. ix., 178.

Three notable works on Egypt are these which have just come from the press. They are the works of specialists, and form valuable additions to the literature of the subject. Professor Petrie is recognized as the most expert and experienced excavator who has ever operated upon the archæological field of Egypt. For many years he has labored in Egypt or Palestine laying bare multitudes of sites and preserving such a record of things just as he found them, that the later investigator is practically as well off as though the excavations had been his own. His professional training as an engineer has stood him in good stead, and his memoirs, issued by the Egypt Exploration Fund, are models of conciseness and of thoroughness. His 'History' has now reached its conclusion, at least it has reached the limit of the dynasties of Manetho. But to say that the history is "completed" is a different thing. No history of Egypt will be finished till the last monument is found and all the mountain tombs have given up their story. There seems to be no sign of exhaustion, and the discoveries by a countryman of our own during the winter of 1904-5, have well nigh eclipsed all that have preceded. But Professor Petrie has completed the task of portraying all of Manetho's thirty dynasties, and he has done it well from a scholarly point of view. He has made a book for students and for specialists, a book which enables us to say that the best and most inclusive history of Egypt is in English; but it is not one that can be read with ease or possesses literary merit. Dynasty follows dynasty, and reign follows reign, and the same method of treatment is used in each case, modified only by the fulness or paucity of material. The various forms of the name of the king are given in English transliteration, and in hieroglyphic character, with the dates of his life. Then follow lists of the monuments which contain his name, tell of his deeds, or testify to his building activity; lists of his wives and children; and in some cases texts are cited showing from whom a given king received divine honor and worship. Then a narrative account of all known facts follows, and illustrations are introduced and make the story plain and more vivid. Frequently there are half-tone representations of the cartouches of kings taken from scarabs and other objects.

The present volume and those which preceded are mines of historical information up to date for the time of composition. Subsequent discoveries have made revision necessary, and the first volume especially should be again subjected to this process. The detail of the volume before us is so immense as to make a correspondingly detailed judgment impossible. One almost stands aghast at the magnitude of the task, and the book is a constant source of wonder that we are able, with such minuteness and such accuracy of statement and chronology, to follow the movement of events in times which long preceded the beginning of our era. We are here taken back more than thirteen hundred years before Christ, and yet the materials dovetail together so closely that the author declares there is no unfilled gap longer than ten years. A similar claim is scarcely made for any other history so ancient. The entire series is now completed except the volume on 'Arabic Egypt,' originally assigned to Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole.

'Primitive Art in Egypt' is by the Keeper of the Egyptian antiquities in the Royal Museum at Brussels. It is from first to last a tribute to the labors of Professor Petrie in excavation and exploration. Professor Capart gives credit where it is due, and cites throughout the various "Memoirs" of Petrie, and the works which he published independently as well as on behalf of the "Archæological Survey" and the "Research Account" of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The volume is sumptuously got up. The type is large, and the illustrations numerous and excellent. On these, of course, the value of the book depends in large measure, and in nearly all important cases the pictures are made by the half-tone process. The body of the text is a plain descriptive narrative based on the objects themselves. At times it approaches a catalogue in its baldness, and generally it is an attempt to describe the objects and such incidental resemblances as have been discovered to objects of other provenience. The order of treatment is dictated by the author's idea of the natural progression of an uncultured people toward artistic expression; first, objects of personal adornment; second, ornamental and decorative art; third, sculpture and painting; and fourth, historical and dynastic monuments. The particular points of interest in this phase of Egyptian art are two—that it is prehistoric, in the sense of predynastic, and that it forms the newly discovered background which explains the otherwise sudden emergence of Egyptian hieroglyphic writing on stone of a high degree of technical excellence at an early point in the "Ancient Kingdom." And the discoveries which have given us these almost startling revelations of primitive conditions along the Nile are mainly the work of one man and his pupils, and have been made within a decade and a half. Professor Capart agrees in the main with Professor Petrie's theories, but he does not obtrude any dogmatic views upon the reader. He looks to

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a distant future for a solution of the problems which he attempts to state, and toward the solution of which he has gathered some materials.

Dr. Steindorff, who writes upon the 'Religion of the Ancient Egyptians,' is professor of Egyptology at the University of Leipzig, where he succeeded the late Prof. George Ebers. His work contains a series of five lectures, which were delivered about a year ago in various places in the United States, under the auspices of the "Committee on Lectures on the History of Religions." It is not large, nor is it burdened with notes and references, though these are not entirely wanting. The treatment is assuredly popular. Footnotes would have given a more scholarly appearance, to be sure, but they would not have rendered the lectures themselves more scholarly. In fact, the lectures are learned, notes or no notes, and they are the product of year-long study and investigation by one of the ablest and most brilliant of the younger school of Egyptologists in Germany. There have been many books on the religion of the Egyptians. Some of them have been swamped by details, some have been covered up and obscured by speculations and conjectures, and some have been loaded with things that simply were not true. In the present volume these faults have been avoided, and we have the most reliable, readable, and sane treatment of the religion of Egypt which has appeared. Of course, thousands of things are omitted, but, for a survey of the field and an account of the essential facts, Professor Steindorff's treatise is preëminently satisfactory. He takes us back to the earliest times, and thence traces the development through Egyptian history and out into the non-Egyptian world. Midway he stops to discuss the temples and the ceremonies, magical arts, the life after death, and the graves and methods of burial. The gods are discussed incidentally, and the system of belief is portrayed with as much coherence and consistency as it actually possessed.

In Further Ardenne. By the Rev. T. H. Passmore, M.A. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

Popular books on the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg are so few that Mr. Passmore has revelled in a little-exploited field, the best part of which he has tramped over with a sympathetic eye for nature and a far from common tolerance of things or people un-English. His results appear in a fine volume illustrated with full-page photographs equally characteristic and excellent, though the addition of a few of Turner's marvellous sketches would have corresponded more completely with the spirit of the region which the author seeks to render. An ample historical sketch traces the fortunes of the Duchy through its vicissitudes as a battle-ground of Central Europe to its present state as neutral, inviolable territory; the remaining, and larger, part of the work dealing with description and comment concerning people, life, and customs as studied by the author.

In the historical portion, breadth of treatment brings out the successive occupations with a somewhat exuberant wealth of words. For instance, "Feudal Society" (ch. iii.) seems to devote too much space to details of mediæval life common to Central Europe in general. The eagerness to over-dramatize historical movements carries the author away into rhetorical outbursts at least as open to attack as those of the "progressive liberals" so freely indulged in (p. 62). On page 29 we read: "Many know-alls at this day know all about the selfishness and self-indulgence of monks, their 'cowardly flight from temptation,' and the rest. Mr. Ruskin's pedant crudities in 'Ethics of the Dust' may be taken as apostolically exponent of this lofty school." Verily, the oratory of the pulpit is a dangerous habit to give way to in a secular publication. We may add that the victory of Sadowa was not the culmination of a "Seven *Days'* War" (p. 108); Moltke required a trifle more time for his great strategies.

When we turn to the real body of this work, the writer, without change of tone, conveys, notwithstanding, a vivid impression of a charming little country hitherto saved from the personally-conducted mob, where the pedestrian can still roam without incessant fret from horn, dust, or whiff of motor-car. Any wayfarer who knows Esch-le-Trou, Clervaux, Meysembourg, or Vianden can renew through Mr. Passmore's pages some of the experiences of restful enjoyment which the throng of travel renders so rare to-day. Similar appreciation of the Luxembourgeois character emphasizes the simple qualities of application, thrift, and devotion to country and customs which seem to secure to the peaceful folk not merely security from foreign aggression or encroachment, but the same kind of prosperity which the casual tourist observes in Switzerland.

And yet, would that Mr. Passmore had put all his experience in simpler phrase. His command of verbal wealth and imagery too often leads him from standards safe astray. How much, for instance, is there of verifiable generalization, how much of mere showy antithesis, in the following (p. 62): "They [the dark ages] contributed marauders, brigands, oppressors, rebels; we provide anarchists, female post-office officials, dynamitards, Hooligans, the man-woman, regicides, sots, and—a commodity unknown to those older ages—vulgarity"? Again, from machicolated walls the besieged hurled "a rain of scented, warmed, or polyangular objects—those 'at home' cards, so to speak, which formed so cheering a feature of young European society" (p. 64). We may have no reverence for Louis XIV., but our feeling finds imperfect reflection in the description, "painting the closing decades of the seventeenth century red" (p. 96).

A Self-Supporting Home. By Kate V. Saint-Maur. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In this day of crowded cities where rents and aliments are more or less of excessive price, and conveniences are out of proportion to discomforts, a practical method of escaping urban life without risking greater difficulties should be hailed with enthusiasm. The plan of a self-supporting home in the country, as depicted by Mrs. Saint-Maur, is intended to assist in this accomplishment with entire ease. It is essentially within the reach of women. It suggests a way by which the sex may emancipate itself from the restrictions of a city home, without revolutionizing domestic traditions, and with economy.

The first twelve chapters of the book deal chronologically with the problems likely to arise in each month of the year. Mrs. Saint-Maur describes the methods to be employed. These have been carefully embalmed, for reference, in a note-book, whose contents, the outcome of nine years' experience, have supplied her with material for her volume, which is really valuable by reason of definite, practical information covering a wide range of topics. The raising of fowl and pheasants, breeding pet cats and rabbits, care of bees, cows, orchards, gardens—these are some of the suggested activities which are given adequate treatment, and are discussed in a businesslike manner. The supremely optimistic tone of the book will arouse apprehensions in some minds. Even a cheerful person will doubt the possibility of life being made so unfailingly joyous and prosperous. In the author's calculations as to the multiplication of animals and dollars, little allowance is made for failures or accidents. No one without the aid of a corps of assistants would presume, in the day of twenty-four hours, to try more than a small number of the many industries prescribed as "necessary additions" to welfare in country living. Yet it is clearly shown, in spite of the enthusiastic gloss, that if enough are undertaken to make the venture pay at all, they must be conducted so conscientiously as to consume a woman's entire time. This is a drawback. Most women would object to the seclusion in the country, away from friends, facilities for social intercourse, and change to a life of quite as strenuous activity along rural lines as that which a town existence demands. The book is less a profitable guide to the "simple life" than a logical statement of old facts, with suggestions of many new ones, regarding those agricultural pursuits which may be followed in a less ambitious way by any woman who has at her command a plot of ground, either in the suburbs of a city or in the more open country.

The style of the author is simple and unaffected. What she says will sound easy of accomplishment to the veriest novice. There is a convenient index, which enables the reader to find readily the special subject in which he may be interested. The illustrations, in some cases suggestive, in others are quite superfluous.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, John. The Confessions of John Allen. Chicago: Mandel & Phillips Co.
Baring-Gould, S. A Book of the Riviera. Dutton. $1.50.
Campbell, Reginald. The Song of Ages. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25 net.
Dillon, Mary. In Old Bellaire. Century Co. $1.50.
Erckman-Chatrian. Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple. Henry Frowde.
Fisher, Clarence S. Excavations at Nippur. Part I. University of Pennsylvania.
Goddard, Joseph. Beauty and Expression in Music. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Hall, A. D. The Book of the Rothamsted Experiments. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Knowling, R. J. The Testimony of St. Paul to Christ. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Letters and Exercises of the Elizabethan Schoolmaster, John Conybeare. Edited by Frederick C. Conybeare. Henry Frowde.
Mallett, W. B. An Introduction to Old English Furniture. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Nicoll, W. Robertson. The Garden of Nuts. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Phillips, Henry Wallace. Mr. Scraggs. The Grafton Press. $1.25.
Reeve, Sidney A. The Cost of Competition. McClure, Phillips & Co. $2 net.
Shakspere's King Henry the Fifth. Edited by George C. D. Odell. Longmans. 40 cents.
Ward, A. B. The Sage-Brush Parson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

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